

VERY FAR EAST

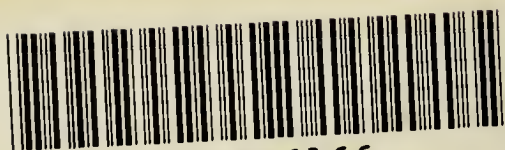


WICHMERE CLIFT

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OUR MASTER MASON.

VERY FAR EAST



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VERY FAR EAST

By

C. WINIFRED LECHMERE CLIFT

(Emmanuel Medical Mission, Nanning, S. China)

With Preface by

ALBERT A. HEAD

LONDON : MARSHALL BROTHERS LTD
KESWICK HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

BUTLER & TANNER
THE SELWOOD PRINTING WORKS
FROME AND LONDON



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To
MY MOTHER

Preface

THREE points impressed me at the Keswick Convention this year. One was the object lesson which the Far East affords in the recent Revival. Secondly, the important position which Medical Missions hold in the sphere of work in evangelizing the heathen, and lastly, the unique place which persevering and believing prayer occupies in all that characterizes any forward movement amongst the nations.

In the interesting and graphic description of experiences in daily life and daily work amongst the Chinese so brightly and attractively depicted by Mrs. Lechmere Clift in the following letters, we have these points in evidence—whether in possibility or reality. Why should the Far East have become so fascinating? Whilst the world at large has been prone to make collections of curios and ancient lore emanating from the countries comprising this part of the world, it would seem that within the last fifty years God has withdrawn the curtain of mystery and revealed to the Christian Church in the West the vast possibility and potentiality of the peoples of this great region. Ever since the early days of Morrison and Hudson Taylor, it would seem that the prayerful attention of those earnest in the missionary cause, had been seeking to follow in the footsteps of the Master who said, “Where I am there shall My servant be,” and in the purposes of His great heart of love, strenuous efforts have been in operation

to spread the Gospel far and wide, whether in Japan, China, Korea or other parts. The channels made use of are various, but the Medical Mission is one of the most important, and the information given in the letters herewith presents the charm of a missionary life associated with its difficulties, its trials and its problems. That the Holy Spirit should have been outpoured at this time, constitutes an answer to the believing prayer of many long years, as well as the culmination of prayer which has been maintained since the Revival times of '57 in America, '59 in Ireland, and the 60's and the 70's in our own land. Nay, verily, it would seem that the Revival in Korea and Manchuria is God's object lesson to us in the homeland to appreciate anew how He can work if only the conditions are fulfilled, and how needful it is for these conditions to be fulfilled at this important crisis in the history of the nation and of the Church. The vision of persevering effort as a result of cheerful, whole-hearted consecration to God, should be a message to many hearts and stir to that effectual, fervent prayer, the result of which will not only be felt in the medical work at Nanning, but far and near within the great realm of the Chinese Empire.

Stir me, oh ! stir me, Lord, I care not how,
But stir my heart in passion for the world ;
Stir me to give, to go—but most to pray,
Stir, till the blood-red banner be unfurled
O'er lands that still in heathen darkness lie,
O'er deserts where no cross is lifted high.

July 1909.

ALBERT A. HEAD.

Introduction

“THE City of Southern Tranquillity,” or “Nanning,” lies more than five hundred miles from the coast on the West River, near the junction of two navigable streams, one coming from the French territory of Tonkin and the other from the province of Yunan.

Sixty per cent. of the commerce of the whole province passes through Nanning. It has now been opened as a “treaty port,” and an ambitious foreign settlement marked out by the river side with macadamised roads and a great stone bund, etc.

The population of the city is a motley crowd of about 100,000 of many races and tongues. Passing along any of the narrow side streets you might see typical Canton and Hunan faces along with others of a more Western type, besides natives of the province and aborigines. Our particular street still speaks the northern dialect that their ancestors from Shantung brought with them nine hundred years ago.

Traces of old Nanning city still remain, and one archway yet intact just as it stood before the time of William the Conqueror. The old site was abandoned then because of floods, and the new city built on the graveyard of the old. Even now there are tombs everywhere, everywhere, acres upon acres—the signs of the dead are almost vaster than the dwellings of the living ; the dead of century after century who have passed their narrow, squalid, aimless lives to enter

an eternity with no knowledge of the Christ dead and risen for them !

A notoriously antiforeign town even less than a decade ago, Nanning is now most friendly to us—a friendship perhaps more apparent than real, hiding depths of ignorance, suspicion, and superstition. The Chinese say it is the most immoral port in China, and the people of our street are considered the most degraded of all. Often they disgust us, and appear to be almost akin to animals in their habits and ways; but theirs are hearts that beat with the same hopes and fears and passions as ours, the same temptations, the same sins, and for whose need the Gospel is as adequate and powerful as it has proved for ours. Externally, also, the differences are merely superficial; there are here the same types of countenance and marks of character and expression exactly as at home. One soon becomes quite accustomed to the peculiar Chinese faces, and recognizes just very ordinary men, women and children, brothers and sisters of the great human family who are very ready to respond to the sympathy and kindness that only a Medical Mission can offer.

Three years ago the call to Kwang-Si came with irresistible force to a country doctor in practice in Cumberland. It was a *re-call* to China, for he had worked there previously in connexion with the C.M.S. in the neighbouring province of Kwang-Tung. Backed by the earnest prayers and the very practical sympathy of many friends, Dr. and Mrs. Clift set sail from London early in January, 1906. Their project was one beset with difficulties and hedged with many obstacles. Arrived at Hong Kong, they first proceeded to C.M.S. friends in Kuei Lin and started a medical work in that city, the capital of the province. But circumstances drew them later on to Nanning. Simultaneously and quite unknown to them Dr. Roderick Macdonald, of Wuchow, had been making elaborate plans for beginning a new work in Nanning under the Wes-

leyan Society; but his untimely death by pirates, in June, caused all these ideas to fall through. It was by a strange circuitous way that the Lord led His servants to this centre—a field most wonderfully prepared and of great promise.

Besides Dr. and Mrs. Clift, the Emmanuel Medical Mission possesses helpers in Mr. and Mrs. Shek, very sincere Chinese friends, and in two tried and faithful Chinese Christian servants—a Biblewoman and a dispensary attendant—whose earnest testimonies and consistent lives are constantly interpreting the Gospel to the heathen around.

KUEI LIN,
KWANG-SI S. CHINA,
MARCH 18, 1906.

AT last I can address my first journal from Kuei Lin ! For four years we have been wanting to get here, and one thing after another has hindered. Now it seems almost too good to be true that I am sitting in our own study in Kuei Lin typing away on my dear old typewriter !

I think you have all heard about the journey up the river, so I won't repeat that story again. But I shall never forget my first sight of Chinese mountains, with quaint little villages nestling at their feet, and here and there gorgeous masses of peach blossom and beautiful feathery bamboos. On Friday morning, March 16, our long journey came to an end. We joyfully packed up for the last time, and arrayed ourselves in our best Chinese clothes—H. in his long black coat with red "pui sam," a short sleeveless coat which he wears over the long one. And I put on my "Sunday best" navy-blue silk coat, and blue embroidered slippers. Then with one of the boatmen to guide us, we made our way through what seemed endless streets of shops, on and on until we stopped before a sort of open shop, where the words "Good News Hall" were written up. A good-looking young Chinaman greeted us most warmly, shaking hands in English style. It gives one a funny, rather creepy sensation to clasp a hand and feel the long, long Chinese finger-nails in one's grasp ! It isn't often they want to shake hands, I am thankful to say.

This gentleman led us through the shop and past an

open courtyard decorated in real Chinese style with its tubs full of water and ornamental rockeries, on which all sorts of little plants were growing. Then through another reception-room, across another courtyard, and up some steps; and then he opened a door, and suddenly we were in a pretty English sitting-room. Mr. and Mrs. Child welcomed us, and Mr. Parker, too, and soon there was a wood fire lighted, and we sat round it and had a good talk.

By and by our luggage arrived from the houseboat, and we soon set to work to do some unpacking. It seems to me that the greater part of my married life has been spent packing and unpacking, and each time the things are unpacked they look a little shabbier than they did the time before! Oh, happy Chinaman! who can travel with only a little bundle of belongings.

We found rooms all prepared for us, with a good deal of furniture already in them—a study, bedroom, dressing-room, bathroom and box-room all to ourselves. We have meals with the others in the dining-room across the second courtyard, but otherwise we are just as private as if in our own house. H. and I each have our own table with our books and papers round us, and my table holds my typer too, which is very convenient. Can you understand at all what this place is like with its three sets of rooms each divided by a courtyard? Behind the house is a fine garden, and beyond that again an enclosed ground with tennis-lawn and vegetable garden—so we are very well off.

The day after we arrived our friends took us out for a walk. Going out of the garden door we came upon an open space at the side of the compound, where the ruins of an old temple stand. Beyond that are some big fish ponds and some steps leading up to the top of the city wall, which of course is as wide as a broad road. Then just at the back of the garden rises one of those strangely shaped

“bluffs,” for which Kuei Lin is famous. It is a peculiar rounded mass of jagged rock with a rough path and stone steps, which made it possible for us to climb to the top. Oh ! such a view we got from the top—the great city stretching away to the river, with its thousands and thousands of inhabitants, mountains all around, and at our feet an orchard of peach trees brilliant with their pink blossoms. Across the river is another settlement—a small town in itself where the Chinese Mohammedans live and not a missionary among them. A blue mist almost hid the place ; for it was the time when everybody was cooking the evening rice and the smoke from the wood fires was rising thickly,

H.'s first day of medical work was quite cheering. He had seven patients, and fees amounted to one dollar twenty cents (2s. 5*d.*)—not at all bad when you consider what a new and startling thing it is to be treated by a foreign doctor. Chinese people must have time to get used to a new idea. The motto of China is “ Marn, marn Hang ”—“ Slowly, slowly go,” and I think I am beginning to learn that you cannot and must not hurry a Chinese ! You only regret it afterwards ! As I was sitting in here with the Chinese teacher that morning I heard the most pitiful wailing, and afterwards H. told me it was a little child with hip disease—an easy case to treat *if* we had had a hospital to put the little thing into, but there is not a corner here yet. Do pray that we may soon be able to have our own hospital. It is *hard* to send little suffering children away.

Sunday was a happy day. The little service in the morning was very nice and simple. But the women behind me were terribly talkative. I realized acutely why Paul said he suffered not the women to speak in the churches ! But, poor things, there are only one or two Christians among them, and at present there is no one to speak a word to

them, as Mrs. Child and I are both only learning the language. After tiffin—and, by the way, that reminds me to tell you that we are not suffering in the way of provisions at all. We get much better food here than in Pakhoi—fine oranges, walnuts and other fruit, beef that is not very tough, chickens of course, and a good variety of vegetables.

Boarding as we do with the Childs makes it so easy for me, as I can give all the more time to the language, and Mrs. Child is such a splendid housekeeper. She was trained at a School of Cookery before she came out to China.

TUESDAY, MARCH 27.

WE are suddenly plunged back into winter again. In two days the temperature fell forty degrees, from 86° to 46°, so you can imagine we feel the difference ! Fans one day and fires the next, to say nothing of all the clothes one can pile on ! But it is splendid bracing weather now and makes us feel we can work hard.

To-day Mr. Parker, our Irish friend, otherwise known as Mark Tapley, has gone off to Yung-Cheo, a five days' chair ride. We gave him a good send-off and then scuttled in to the warmer rooms, very thankful that we had not to sit for hours in a sedan chair in the bitter cold. Mr. Parker will walk most of the way I expect, to keep warm.

It has been pouring so hard the last three days that we couldn't get out, but this afternoon we walked round the garden and examined the cabbages. However, they seem to be turning into cauliflowers now. All the better ! Then some new potatoes were found to be ready to dig up, and potatoes are a great luxury out here. "Pat" the dog and "Judy" the kitten generally accompany us on these occasions. Then a man arrived to ask, "Would the doctor see a friend of his who was in very great pain with a swollen face ?" So the man was brought up in a chair.

Poor fellow, he was in dreadful pain, and if there is one thing that makes H. *really* happy it is to relieve pain. The friends were so grateful. The man himself could

hardly open his mouth, it was so swollen. That case filled up the time until dinner, and now I am nobly sacrificing myself for the sake of my family, sitting in this cold room typing away, while my respected husband is warming his toes at the dining-room fire.

I have unpacked H.'s camera, and when we have finished settling our belongings, we hope to do some photography. There is a nice little dark room here. Mr. Byrde was a very clever builder and has made this Chinese house wonderfully comfortable.

FRIDAY, APRIL 13.

EXCITEMENTS are few and far between. The arrival of the mail is our greatest event. You at home who can go out any day and see other white faces, and read the latest news on the placards, and buy just what you want at the shops, have no conception what it is like only to see three other white faces besides your own, to have absolutely no idea what is going on in the outside world, to have to reckon that if you want anything English you will have to wait months before it can arrive from home !

One of our most welcome visitors is a Chinaman with a very plain, very "Chinese" and very pock-marked face who appears at the door with a bundle done up in a dirty white cloth. The postman thoroughly appreciates the excitement his appearance creates, and produces the contents of his bundle with great importance. We all stand round while Mr. Child hands every one his share, and oh ! the joy of those who get what they want, and the blank feeling of any one for whom there is nothing !

A musical fever has seized the compound. As a rule I am organist now, but of course I can't appear at the men's Gospel meeting on Sunday evenings, and as Mr. Parker, the former organist, has gone to Yung Cheo, H. and Mr. Child are both working hard to learn a few hymns.

The strains of "Weeping will not save me" are wafted in to me across the courtyard, where Mr. Child is performing in the treble and bass alternately. H.'s favourite at pre-

sent is "Whiter than snow"; he can play "Peace, Perfect Peace" too very well.

When he said he was going to have a practice the other day, Mr. Child said, "Give us 'Peace, Perfect Peace'" in most persuasive tones—a remark which might be taken in two ways! Now Mr. Song has caught the fever, and I have just been teaching him to play "Sun of my Soul" on a concertina he has bought secondhand.

It was H.'s birthday last Friday. I gave him four Chinese jars to keep ointments, etc., in, and my photograph, which was taken in Hong Kong. A friend of ours in Hong Kong sent him ten dollars for the K.M.M. as a birthday present (£1)—K.M.M. stands for "Kuei Lin Medical Mission" always. Just now the surgery is in the hands of carpenter and painter, and it will look quite a different place when it is finished. Before, it was a dark, dirty, gloomy place, now it is to be painted white and have a new window and a long counter to divide the room into two, so that the medicines will be on one side and the patients on the other. They are so fond of pocketing dressings and other trifles whenever they get a chance!

One old man, a patient, has died. He was one of those we call the "Last Hopes," that is those who have been to all the Chinese doctors, and are "in nowise better but rather worse," and only come to the new doctor when they are in a dying condition; two "last hopes" came quite too late, poor creatures, and were far too ill to pay any attention to the "Doctrine." One old man, with something the matter with his throat, felt so much better after H. had treated him that he went home and said—

"Be quick and cook me some rice, I am much better, and I feel very hungry!" So they cooked it and he ate two bowls full of *hot* rice gruel, with the consequence that his throat closed up again and he died soon after!

“When he said he was so hungry,” said his friend, who came to tell us, “I knew he was dying, and that it was not really he who was eating the rice, it was his ‘spirit’!”

The other afternoon young Mr. Song came into our study, and H. showed him the microscope. His face was a study—he was immensely interested, and when H. pricked his finger with a needle, and showed him a drop of blood on a slide, Mr. Song thought he would very much like to see his own. So he took the needle and cautiously wound the handkerchief round his thumb, then gave it a dab which would not have punctured a pat of butter. It was comical to watch the two interested faces bent so close together, H.’s white English face, and Mr. Song’s yellow Chinese face. Then H. took the needle and gave him a good dab, which made him squeal, but it was successful.

Mr. Song looked at the specimen under the microscope, a little drop of his blood next to a little drop of H.’s, then he said—

“It looks almost exactly the same!” I don’t know if he thought his would have another colour, because his complexion was different from H.’s!

APRIL 4, 1906

THE hot weather will soon be here, so whenever I get a chance I sit down to write, for when the Summer has really come it is very difficult to do anything beyond the language study and missionary work.

First of all I want to tell you that God is daily answering your prayers, and is giving us health and strength, and He is indeed blessing us both in the language study and the medical work. H. has had over eighty patients during this first fortnight! And you would know how good that is, if you had any idea how frightened these people are at first of foreign medicine and foreign doctors.

I wish instead of writing to you I could ask you all to come and spend an afternoon with us. I can fancy you arriving! Of course you would come up the river in a boat and we should go down to the landing-place to meet you. Then we would bring you up through the strange, dirty streets, past all sorts of wonderful shops, in at the open door, through a courtyard, to the sitting-room. Then we would all have tea. I could not give you fresh milk, and scones, and apple cakes, but the tea would taste very good—you would be so thirsty!—and the Chinese cook makes splendid cakes. After tea, when it was a little cooler, we would take you up the hill just at the back of the house, where you can get a splendid view of this great city, with its thousands and thousands of houses. As we stood there the first time, Mr. Child pointed out to us the Chinese execution ground, and

told us how a Christian man was beheaded there a little while ago. He was brought to Christ through the American Missionary, Mr. Cunningham. A little while ago he was imprisoned for something he was said to have done a dozen years before his conversion ! It was hard to find out the truth. Anyhow, he was imprisoned, and then one day, as Mr. Cunningham was standing at the door of his house, he saw a procession of prisoners being taken to the execution ground. And to his horror this Christian man was one of the number ! As he passed, he called out—

“ Good-bye, Mr. Cunningham ; good-bye, I am going to heaven ! ” And the sad procession passed before the missionary could say a word. They say the man calmly committed his soul to God, and died without any fear.

There is so much I want to tell you about that I have to stop and think—not what to say, but what to leave out. I thank GOD that you, our “ prayer-partners ” at home, are working with us by your prayers. I want to ask you to give thanks that I have already been able to give a tiny address to a women’s meeting. Mrs. Child and I have been longing to do something for the crowds of women who come to see us, so we determined to do our best to talk to them a little. You can imagine we could not say much when I tell you that I have only been learning this language about a fortnight, and Mrs. Child was so ill all last year that she could not study much.

I think you would have been amused to see our queer little “ meeting.” We got old Liao, the gardener, to bring down the baby-organ. He is such a willing man, always ready to do anything you ask him. He is a very true Christian, and sits up to midnight sometimes poring over his Chinese Testament. Liao has a strange story. Many years ago he had a severe illness, and his friends, believing him to be dead, buried him ! Fortunately they did not

bury him very deep, and a dog scratching about over the grave, let in the air, with the result that the old man, who had only been in a sort of trance, revived—and now he is very much alive ! Well ! the organ was brought in and women and children came pouring into the room. We had to fetch more seats, and it was some time before all the noise and chattering ceased. Then Mrs. Child taught them two verses of “ Jesus loves Me,” and we sang it over and over again. Then I tried to explain what seems so strange to them, that Jesus the Son of the TRUE GOD loves them, that He died for them. Can you realize how hard it is to speak clearly enough, when they don’t even know that there is ONE True God, when they think that men have three souls, and that most likely women have no souls at all !

H. has already had over a hundred patients in these first three weeks, which is wonderful considering how timid and superstitious these people are. One Chinese gentleman was actually recommended by the Governor of the Province to come here for treatment. The Governor is of course a very great man, and if this patient gets better, it will give the people great confidence. But Mr. Huang is very, very ill, and has been smoking opium, so it is a hard case.

We have been praying much for him. To-day he sent his sedan-chair to bring H. to his house, and also a chair for an attendant, and H. found him feeling much better.

I have just been out into the garden for a little fresh air, and while I was walking up and down, two bonny, wee Chinese babies came tumbling through the gate, calling out “ Kee Seni, Kee Seni ! ” which means “ Mrs. Clift.” They are the quaintest little figures, with their closely cropped black heads, and wearing such a number of little coats. They are the sons of Mr. Song.

Mr. Song brought his two babies in to the prayer meeting last night, and they thoroughly enjoyed their little selves,

but the grown-up people found it hard not to laugh. When they saw every one kneel to pray, these two babies knelt solemnly down on a step leading up to a door, and put their two heads close together.

They did look *so* comical, like two tight bundles of clothes with two black heads at the top. Their father asked that we might sing—

When mothers of Salem, their children brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back and bade them depart.

After that who could *scold* them, even though they trotted to and fro and caused a good deal of distraction. At last Mr. Child, in Chinese fashion, politely requested them to “sit down,” and peace was restored. Mrs. Song is a bigoted Mahomedan, and persecutes her husband a great deal. She gets into terrible tempers at times, and throws herself on the ground with rage.

Poor Mrs. Song ! she could be such a help to her husband, if only she would turn to the Saviour.

She came into the Women’s Room on Sunday and listened when we were teaching them “Jesus loves Me.”

H. and I are learning to manage to eat with chopsticks splendidly. Every Saturday evening, instead of our ordinary meal, we have a Chinese meal. Everybody is supplied with a bowl and a pair of chopsticks, and there are six bowls of food in the middle of the table. We have to dip our chopsticks into these and take what we want.

Beans, bean-curd, chicken, fish, and a number of other things cooked in Chinese fashion are really very nice ! I had no idea Chinese food could be so good, for what we had at the wedding feasts in Pakhoi was very different, and sometimes it was hard to be polite and eat enough to please them. It is part of a missionary’s work to learn to eat the food of the country, and to manage chopsticks. I think

there are a great many things which people at home never think of which have to come into our life out here. What we want is that the power of the Holy Spirit may so fill our hearts and lives that whether we are teaching or preaching or sitting at their feast tables, we may be influencing these people and drawing them nearer to Christ.

KUEI LIN,

APRIL 23, 1906.

THE rain has been pouring down in torrents this week, and the thunder storms at night have been tremendous !

We are not sorry, in one way, for it keeps the air deliciously cool, and at this season we are thankful for every day which staves off the summer heat. But I am afraid it is hard on the poor people, because the rains wash away the seeds as fast as they are sown in the fields.

Now and then it clears up enough for us to have a game of tennis, and as we go down to the lawn through the garden, great waves of scent meet us from the orange trees. They are simply a mass of blossom.

It seems such a pity that supply and demand can't meet—we could supply a hundred weddings and more with the greatest ease !

This week has ended H.'s first month of medical work, and it was quite exciting counting up the "takings"! He has had two hundred patients and taken thirty-three dollars (£3 6s.) That is really a very good beginning.

Some of his patients come back again and again. One dyspeptic old man turns up regularly for more medicine, and has a most profound faith in his bottle of physic. The poor little tailor with the whitlow-thumb is most grateful and full of promises to pay his bill as soon as he can set to work once more and earn some money. It is no use charging

him at present, as he hasn't a cent. But he stands by and exhorts the other patients to produce their fees—"Oh, yes! you must pay, of course you must pay," etc., etc.

Last Tuesday H. went out to see a patient who was said to be suffering from a "bleeding foot." Young Mr. Song went with him and carried the case of dressings. I think he thoroughly enjoys these little expeditions. But this time poor Mr. Song was thoroughly disgusted with his countrymen, for when they got to the house the relations of the patient would not even let H. wash off the filthy Chinese plaster which covered the foot, so of course he couldn't examine it. He could only make a guess at what *might* be under the horrible muddy-looking lump, and send the woman some medicine. And after all his trouble the people wanted to get out of paying the fee they could well afford.

The next day H. had a famous Chinese doctor, who came as a patient himself to the "Great English Doctor"—to be treated for eczema. He (the Chinese doctor) "could cure 'inside diseases,' but did not attempt 'outside diseases.' " This he said evidently to "save his face." He had dismissed his chair some distance outside in order to come in privately, but the postman came in at the same time, and asked Mr. Child—

"What is that man doing here? He is a doctor himself! But"—confidentially—"he's no good!"

The postman is a gossip, so H.'s fame will spread, if he tells people he saw the great doctor of Kuei Lin in our surgery!

I think I told you that there are four American missionaries at the other end of the town, but they are so far away that we seldom meet. So it has been arranged that we shall have a united prayer meeting once a fortnight, and on Thursday we donned our best clothes and went down to

the South Gate, where the Alliance Missionaries live. It is a most fascinating ride through the town—since China has begun to wake up things are very different ; the streets are cleaner, at every corner stands a policeman, and in the summer he wears a white straw hat, English style.

It's great fun to watch the children. A quaint little figure will appear carrying some purchase done up in a neat Chinese parcel. Then the little girl will look round and suddenly catch sight of us in our sedan chairs, and she will turn and flee like a bird down the road, vanish into a house and have the whole family on the doorstep, by the time we are going past, to have a good look at the foreigners.

We had a very hearty little Prayer Meeting, and tea afterwards. The Americans gave us a warm welcome.

They are great on cakes, and they had prepared a grand spread, iced cakes and sweets and Chinese ginger. Altogether it was a very jolly little time, and as it is the only form of dissipation we can indulge in, in the way of "parties," you will be able to picture what we do when I tell you another time that we have been out to tea.

I won't say that I don't sometimes feel I should like some other little dissipations. I should immensely enjoy an expedition into Carlisle, and coffee at Little and Johnston's, etc., and a look into an English shop window. But fortunately there is so much to do, that it is not often we have time to think how we should like a change in the daily routine. When one can speak the language, life becomes ever so much more varied and interesting. However, the language study has a distinct fascination of its own. I thoroughly enjoy it.

The home letters have been a good deal delayed in arriving, because of these rains. The river flows between very steep mountains in places, and when the water is high it forms

whirlpools in these gorges, so that the little mail boats, built light for speed, cannot safely pass through. But two mails have arrived this week, and you can imagine how tremendously they were appreciated, though it rather spoilt my enjoyment, when I found that the letters were all for me, and only papers for H. However, sometimes the Indian mail arrives at odd times, and that spins out our enjoyment.

There is great grief in the compound just now, because a wretched old hawk has swooped down and carried off two dear little chicks, which were the pride of Mrs. Child's heart, having been successfully hatched on the premises.

KUEI LIN;

TUESDAY, MAY 1.

I THINK this has been without exception the very dampest week I have ever known. The Chinese are in a great state of anxiety. Some of them have already sown their rice fields *three* times, and each time the seed has all been washed away! They were firing off guns yesterday to shatter the clouds! and the City Mandarin has been himself to the chief temple to pray to the idols. If it rains again to-night, there is a command issued that to-morrow no one is to kill any animal, or sell chickens or eggs, in order to touch the idols' stony hearts, so we shall have to live on tinned things for a change.

It is most extraordinary weather. Last year at this time they hardly knew how to stand the heat, and now we are wearing winter garments and sleeping under quilts and blankets. The people say they have not had such a time for more than thirty-six years. We think of you so often at home, enjoying the delicious Spring weather. I was so glad to find that there were flowers here, lovely roses, red and white, and by and bye we shall have lilies and chrysanthemums. I am developing an enthusiasm for plants and have a fern and a little balsam, which I am cherishing in our study, and they are doing well!

This week we have had a visitor—quite an event for Kuei Lin. Colonel P., military attaché at the Pekin Legation, came here on his way through the province.

We had a lively time with all the officials who came to see him. Our teacher was so excited that he was jumping up every few minutes to look out of the window at the latest arrival. So I left off trying to read and got him to write down the names of the different officials and explain them to me. One official who came here was a friend of H.'s patient, Mr. Huang, and he told H.— that before Mr. Huang came under his treatment, his friends had made preparations for his funeral ! Then he read out a long and detailed list of Mr. Huang's latest symptoms, translating them into English, of which he knew a little. I think the poor man must spend all his time watching his symptoms and writing them down. " At four o'clock in the morning he coughed once, and felt a little cold," etc., etc. Hardly a day passes without a visit either from himself or his servant, with a long, long list of fresh symptoms ! But it is a real satisfaction to see that he is a little better, for he was very ill.

Colonel P.'s "boy" thought he would make a grand impression here, so he adapted all the stories he had heard his master telling other people, and gave the Chinese in the compound thrilling accounts of imaginary scenes he had been through with the Colonel. Unfortunately for him, Song told Mr. Child of these wonderful adventures of the Colonel's boy in Manchuria, and it got to the Colonel's ears. The fact was the boy had never been in Manchuria ! So when the Colonel tackled him about these stories, the boy didn't know where to look, and could only stammer out, " I didn't think you would hear about it." After that he was not quite such a hero in the compound !

The Chinese hate going out in the rain, so H. has had a very slack week with regard to patients, but a better time at the language.

THURSDAY, MAY 3.

WE have almost forgotten what sunshine looks like ! The familiar old thunder is rolling away again to-night, and the lightning flashing, and the people are desperate. To-morrow, the North Gate, which is five minutes' walk from our door, is to be closed, to shut out the rain ! It is the north wind that brings the rain, so of course if they shut the City Gate the wind can't possibly enter. Sometimes we wonder if these people are really grown up or have just " stayed babies," so to speak. They have been to the idols to ask how many days the rain will continue. The idol is supposed to answer by a pen suspended by a string from the roof. This pen, as it sways to and fro, writes the answer in the sand on the floor. The answer this time was " More than twenty days." So they firmly believe that the rain will not depart for three weeks !

Yesterday, while I was in the middle of my Chinese lesson, I saw that the teacher, Mr. Wu, was not attending in the least to what I was saying. There was a loud conversation going on in the guest-room, and Mr. Wu got quite excited. " Yes ! " he said after a while. " It is a message to the doctor from the Governor to say that his grandchild is very ill."

He was quite right, and in the afternoon the Governor sent two chairs to take H. and Mr. Song to the Yamen. He was received by the Governor's son and conducted through one room after another, to a bedroom, where the baby was lying in her mother's arms. The poor wee thing was

very ill with bronchial pneumonia, and had suffered many things of Chinese physicians—a “last hope” of course, like the other patients, but a more hopeful “last hope” than some, and H. does think he may be able to save her life. We are praying very much that it may be so. The parents are intensely anxious about it. They sent round a message yesterday afternoon, not long after H. had been there, with a list of fresh symptoms.

The messenger had only just left when a note arrived with some more symptoms! They duly paid their five dollar fee (10s.) and begged H. to come again to-day. At 10.30 p.m. another messenger came with a note written in the most wonderful English, by the Professor of English at the New Chinese College here. It was too funny for anything, but rather too “medical” to quote. It was to the effect that the ipecac. administered had had startling effects, and what should they do now!

Well! the result is most satisfactory, and the baby is certainly better to-day, can “make fun, make fun” as the learned Professor of English describes it, and the mother is delighted. She is not out of danger yet, but the worst stage is certainly over. If the “foreign medicine” is successful in the Governor’s Yamen, the people will have great confidence in H.

That Professor of English is just an example of the new state of affairs in China. The students are desperately anxious to go forward as Japan has done, and they are in such a hurry that they have grand new microscopes and cameras and skeletons made of *papier-maché* and a thousand and one other things in their new colleges, and no one knows how to use them or explain them properly. They have a smattering of knowledge, but it is very, very shallow, and mostly “show.” The Professor nearly drove H. wild this afternoon, pretending that he knew so much English

that he could interpret for him, and really he could scarcely understand the simplest thing H. said to him !

I rather envy H. his medical work. At present so few women come, that I am seldom needed in the surgery, and I have nothing to do but plod, plod, plod on with the language, and it is a grind ! But it is a comfort to feel that I am making some headway, and can understand a little more every week. I glean a lot of information from my teacher, who is a good talker and enjoys that form of teaching the language. To-day he showed me a word in the dictionary and said—

“ That is what your tailor is suffering from on his hands.” To my horror the word was Scabies ! And the tailor is at this present time employed in making my new Chinese costume. Mr. Wu saw my look of distress and said soothingly—“ You need not mind. I once shared a room with a man who had it, and I didn’t get it.”

Oh dear, oh dear ! My poor new coat ! Shall I ever like to wear it ? I am told I mustn’t be so fastidious, that two out of every three Chinese generally suffer in the same way. It rather takes away one’s relish for Chinese sweets and Chinese dainties generally !

By the way Colonel P. left a gift of £1 behind to be given to H. after he had gone. It is to be used to give medicine, etc., to any poor patients who cannot afford to pay for it, and will be a great help, as there are not a few who cannot be turned away and can’t possibly pay themselves.

MAY 12, 1906.

WE seem to be always writing and never getting answers just now ! It is about three weeks since we had an English mail, and every day we wait eagerly for the postman. The river was in flood for a long time, so that the boats could not get through to Kuei Lin, but there has been much less rain the last week, and the river has gone down.

I am so thankful that we were safely in Kuei Lin before these terrific storms came. The people have been very excited ; dreadful rumours were in circulation, and *fully* believed, that a huge dragon had rushed out of one of the temples in Yuen Cheo and devoured three thousand people. In this city it was said that a thousand people had been drowned, but by and bye we discovered that two men and a pig had lost their lives. Never believe anything you hear in China !

The Governor of the Province sent for H. to cure his little granddaughter. (Of course he didn't think of it until he found out that the Chinese doctors could not make her better !) H. found that the little girl was very ill with bronchitis and dysentery, but she has been getting steadily better, and her tiny sister, six months old, who also developed bronchitis, has got quite well.

The father was so delighted that he asked if the doctor could do anything for his wife—

“ But as it is not proper for her to be seen by a man, would Kee Seni (Mrs. Clift) come and examine her ? ”

Of course Kee Seni was delighted to help, so we went off in grand style to the Yamen, arrayed in our best Chinese clothes, to show proper respect to the great man. Our sedan chairs were carried through the city, in at the great Yamen Gates, and set down at the Entrance Hall.

This old palace is such a curious place, very grand and imposing in some ways and yet so dirty and untidy in places, with grass growing between the stones of the courtyard, and piles of stones and rubbish in the corners. As we went in, the Governor's son came out to meet us—a very tall, handsome man in a beautiful silk coat reaching to his feet.

He took me to the women's apartment, and there I was introduced to his wife. I prayed very much that I might be able to understand what the women said, for I have only been learning Mandarin seven weeks, and sometimes the Chinese talk so fast.

It was very hard to examine her and ask all sorts of questions with a crowd of women and boys hanging round, but I managed to find out all the answers to the list of questions H. had given me, and then the Governor's son came back and took me into the reception-room, where we sat round a beautifully polished table, and were invited to eat Chinese mince pies out of English soup plates, white with a blue rim—*such* common china, but the tea cups were English too, and even commoner !

Then they gave us English knives and forks ; they thought themselves very grand indeed to have so many fine English things. They gave us coffee too—oh, such muddy-looking stuff ! I very much preferred the real Chinese tea out of a real Chinese tea cup made of really pretty china. And how I wished Chinese mince pies were not quite so large !

With the help of Mr. Lee, a Chinaman who knows a little

English, but *thinks* he knows a lot, the doctor made the Governor's son understand that he was afraid his wife was very ill, in consumption in fact, and that though he might be able to do her some good, she was too far gone to be cured. It is so hard to treat consumptive patients in China. They will not open their windows to let the fresh air in, they think it would kill them, and that the English doctor must be mad to suggest such a thing !

I just long to be able to carry the message of the Gospel to that poor little wife in the Yamen. She looked so thin and ill, but I can never go to see her unless I am invited.

I sometimes feel that you will think our life is a very funny sort of "missionary life" ! Somehow at home we always are inclined to think of missionaries as doing nothing but preaching the Gospel and teaching the heathen. But really and truly a missionary's life is full of ever so many different kinds of work, and hard work too. We don't preach and teach all the time. Perhaps you have heard of the old negro in the cotton fields in America, who said : " O Lord ! de cotton am so grassy, de sun am so hot, de work am so hard, dat I t'ink dis darky am called to go an' preach."

If God calls us to be missionaries abroad, we must be prepared for real hard work. But I can't tell you what a wonderfully happy life it is.

It is not that there is much to make it happy as regards surroundings, or pleasures of different kinds, but it gives us the *very best joy*, the joy of seeking these poor, lost, weary, wandering sheep, and *finding them*.

Sometimes it seems a long, long time before the wandering sheep are willing to be led to the fold, but they *will* come, for God has said that there shall be people out of *every nation* praising HIM around HIS Throne.

HE has taken one little lamb Home to Himself this last

week. Mei-Mei ("Little Sister" is the meaning of her name) was only twelve years old, but she has been such a bright, true little Christian. She is the only Christian child here, and has been a real help during her short life, calling the women and children in to the meetings and singing at the top of her little voice. Her old grandmother was passionately devoted to her, and has nursed her night and day, but she is very ignorant and stupid, although she is a Christian. Because Mei-Mei, who was already hopelessly ill when we arrived, was not cured by the English medicine she took, the foolish old woman went and called in a Chinese doctor, who ordered her some queer concoction, which could not possibly do her any good.

But I think the poor woman was frantic; she saw Mei-Mei could not live long and she wanted to make a last desperate effort. The other day when I went into their little room, which is just across the courtyard, opposite our windows, Mei-Mei was sitting propped up on the bed, panting for breath and so terribly worn and thin.

"Grandmother is so afraid I am going to die," she said in her weak little voice; "I am not frightened. I know Jesus will take care of me. Grandmother doesn't understand."

I read to her some verses from the 14th chapter of John—

"In My Father's house are many mansions. . . . I go to prepare a place for you. . . . I will come again and receive you unto Myself."

Then I said, "Mei-Mei, I don't know much Chinese. Will you pray with me now?" So she prayed aloud very simply and trustfully. I feel so thankful now for that little time. It was the last long talk I had with her. The night before last she was taken worse and we all went to say farewell to her. She was sitting up in bed fighting for breath, in terrible distress, and yet they dare not open the windows wide or

give her medicine. The Chinese women are so terribly ignorant.

I don't know anything harder than to see a child suffer and to know there is something that would ease her and yet not be able to give it.

As we stood there, she put her hot little hands into mine, as if she wanted to be held up—it was terrible to see her pain. Mr. Child prayed in Chinese, and then we left them, and all went into the dining-room and begged Our Heavenly Father to give her rest and freedom from pain, and if it was His will, to restore her to us; but if not, to enable her to give some clear testimony before she died, which should strengthen her grandmother's faith. I woke very early the next morning, and all was so still in the courtyard that I thought the end had come. Night after night lately I have heard Mei-Mei coughing incessantly. I called the grandmother, and very quietly she told me that Mei-Mei had passed away.

It is so wonderful how she is bearing her sorrow. We feared she would be frantic with grief if the child died, but she did not even burst into those loud, ceaseless wails, which the Chinese consider the sign of true mourning. We heard afterwards that Mei-Mei had specially told her she did not want her to wail in that Eastern fashion after her death.

Soon after we had all prayed together, we heard the next day, Mei-Mei had ceased to struggle for breath, and had fallen quietly asleep. Then in the early morning, she awoke suddenly, and began to pray, and told her grandmother that she was quite ready, that she understood all about it, and did not fear death. Then she said she was so cold, and the old woman took her in her arms. She quietly put her head on her grandmother's shoulder and ceased to breathe. So God answered our prayer, and the little girl's death has had a wonderful effect on the little community here.

It is something utterly new and strange to see any one die in perfect peace, to have no loud wailing or wild demonstration of grief at the funeral, just a gathering of Christians standing round the strangely-fashioned coffin, singing—

Peace, Perfect Peace,
 . . . death shadowing us and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

and then Mei-Mei's special hymn, "Jesus loves me."

The whole street looks on in amazement at all the Christians turning out to follow the coffin to the burial ground. *They* would never take all that trouble if one of their children had died.

Mei-Mei was laid to rest in one of the most beautiful spots I have seen—a green valley, where flowers grow among the grass, and ferns wave in the crevices of the rocky hills, towering up on every side—a perfect resting-place for the weary "little disciple," as one of the Christians called her in his prayer.

We stood round the grave and sang again—"Peace, Perfect Peace." "It is very strange," said some of the heathen when they heard of it; "we go and wail at the graves of our friends, *you* stand round and *sing*!"

It is very, very hard to make these people understand the simplest things. If we tell them that they are sinners, what do you think they believe sin to be? They think it is a sin if they have not been worshipping the idols much, or taking them presents of tea or meat or paper money, or burning enough incense sticks, and that kind of thing; but they think you are making a fuss about nothing if you tell them it is a great sin to tell lies. Then if we speak about "being good," what do they think goodness means? I will give you one example—

Just opposite this house, on the other side of the street, there stands a dirty little temple. Every evening, about

sunset, we hear them beating gongs to call the attention of the idols they wish to worship. Often and often when I hear that sound I think of those words—

“He that keepeth *thee* shall *neither* slumber nor sleep.”

To-day I asked Mr. Wu, our teacher, what special gods they worship in that temple, and he told me this story—

Thousands of years ago there lived a king who had two sons. One day he called the younger and said to him—“When I die I wish you to be king instead of your elder brother.” By and bye the father died, and the younger son said to his brother—“I dare not be king; you are the elder and it is your place.” And the elder said to the younger—“I dare not be king. Our father said you were to take his place.” So they continued, each trying hard to persuade the other to be king, but neither of them giving in.

At last the younger one said—“As long as I am here my brother will not consent.” So he ran away, and hid himself at the top of a high mountain. At the same time, the elder one said—“As long as *I* am here my brother will not consent to be king.” So he too ran away and climbed to the top of the same high mountain, and there he came face to face with his brother. And the end of it was, they both sat down on the top of the mountain and starved themselves to death. And the Chinese said—“These brothers were so marvellously good and virtuous, that we will make them into gods and pray to them so that we may become good too.”

When my teacher had finished I told him I didn't think it was at all good and noble of them to starve, and he said—“No, it was very stupid.”

But you can see how difficult it is to make these people understand what *we* mean when we talk of sin and goodness—oh! such very different things from what they *mean*!

This letter is getting very long, but as it will be read aloud

to a good many English mothers I must add one thing more.

Not far from this house is a high hill with a sort of cave in it, and in the cave is a quaint little idol—a baby carved out of stone, lying on its back. It is the baby's idol, and when a little one has an ache or pain anywhere in its tiny body, the mother will climb up the hill, and rub the corresponding part of the stone baby's body.

You will not be surprised to hear that that stone baby's little stomach is quite smooth and shining, through all the many, many mothers' hands which have rubbed it because their babies were suffering from dyspepsia! And you would not be surprised that many babies got indigestion if you saw all the dreadful things they are allowed to eat!

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1906.

WE have been more fortunate this week and have had two or three mails within a few days of one another. It is very interesting when the mail letters all come in together, and we get news from Scotby, London, North India, South India, Canada, and Ceylon. We are all in such different surroundings and among such different people !

It has been a delicious afternoon, with a cool breeze blowing, and we have been sitting in the garden reading and writing. There is a high bamboo fence round the tennis lawn, and people love to come and crane their eyes through the crannies to watch us playing. To-day H. had to go out to see a patient, so we didn't play, and as we were sitting there a little voice came through the hedge, asking "if the foreign gentlemen were not going to knock the balls, because they wanted to see."

Sometimes H. and I go out for a walk by the river side, and I don't think I have seen anything more lovely than the river in the evening light. It is broad just here and the banks are beautifully shaded by trees. The quaint Chinese boats and the little wooden houses by the water's edge, brown wood with flaming orange paper over the doorways, look very picturesque. On one side is the river, and on the other side of the path the old city wall towering above, covered with creepers and ferns. The people are very friendly as we pass by, and sometimes attempt a little conversation, but at present our "powers of speech" are

limited. We had a very funny time a little while ago. An official, whose little daughter comes here to learn English and music, asked us all to dinner at his house, and specially requested that we would come in English dress. Oh, what a work it was getting into our English clothes again! I had hard work to get mine on at all, and H. said he felt as if he were wrapped up in stiff paper. English clothes are really barbarous things, when you come to consider them! Our Chinese garments are loose and cool and altogether more comfortable. But Mr. Seng, our host, is badly smitten with the craze for everything English, so we did it this once to please him.

When we reached the house they took us through a very nicely furnished dining-room to a staircase leading upstairs. A hand basin had been left in the middle of the stairs, and had to be hastily removed.

It was all such a funny mixture of the East and the West. The drawing-room upstairs was quite pretty, with matting on the floor, comfortable chairs, Japanese pictures in black wood frames on the walls—all the Chinese ornaments were really beautiful, such as carved ivory, but the effect was entirely spoilt by a chenile tablecloth with a pattern of huge red roses and green leaves, a glass case with artificial flowers, a picture of a lady with very golden hair and very bare shoulders clasping a bunch of lilies. I felt quite ashamed that English art should be supposed to be represented by such hideosities.

Mr. Seng himself was dressed in a white suit, supposed to be quite English in cut, but his wife, a thorough lady, came in, in a lovely pale silk Chinese shaam reaching almost to her feet.

We sang some hymns to them while we were waiting for dinner—they have a very good American organ. Then when it got dark the servant came in to light the lamp—

the latest new thing from America, with an incandescent burner. The dinner table was very smart. A white tablecloth and table-napkins, made of very stiff and very new Chinese calico, had evidently been made for the occasion. The table looked pretty with little pink roses down the middle and a plate of loquats. The menu was written in good Chinese on bright red paper, and was a mixture of English and foreign—

Soup with Beef Balls.

Salt Fish. (Horrible !)

Minced Meat with little Dumplings.

Ham and Eggs.

Roast Fowl.

Freshwater Shrimps.

Fried Frogs. (I ate them, rather nice !)

Chinese Dumpling stuffed with Meat. (Dreadful.)

Almond Jelly. (Chinese and very nice.)

The bread was supplied by Mrs. Child ! The Taotai, Mr. Seng sent round to ask for it beforehand because his servant couldn't make it. So we all felt we could safely eat as much of that as we liked !

Speaking of the bread reminds me of the Mission cook. He cooks splendidly now under Mrs. Child's tuition, but when he first came he was quite raw, and knew nothing. He was taught to make pastry, and they were always struck with the neat way he ornamented the pie-crust, until one day Mr. Laird happened to look into the kitchen when a pie was in process of making, and discovered the cook ornamenting the edge with his own comb ! It rather took away their appetites ! That was in the days when Mr. Child was a bachelor though.

I feel more and more that the way was cleared for us to come to Kuei Lin just at the very right time ; for the educated people are all waking up to see how far behindhand they are, and are keenly anxious to advance with the times,

and far more ready to take to foreign medicine than they would have been a little while ago. Of course the mass of the people are superstitious and ignorant still, but the better class have more confidence in the new doctor. Did I tell you of the student who was walking about Kuei Lin with an English straw hat on, and round the hat band in English lettering was writ large—MY HAT? We met another one the other day, labelled "Chinese Student." I think they feel that in this style they are in the height of English fashion! It would be certainly very interesting if only it was the fashion in England; we could go and stand, say at London Bridge station in the morning, and watch the business men pouring out, each with a hat label denoting his particular occupation! Poor Mr. Child is greatly bothered by the students of English, who come here at all hours to practise their very limited vocabularies on him, but don't care at all to listen to the Gospel.

Saturday was an exciting day for us—the last day of the second month of medical work, so we had a grand adding up in the evening, and found that there was a decided advance in fees this month, but fewer patients owing to the heavy rain and thunder storms.

Last Month—Patients 213.

This Month—Patients 163.

Last Month—Fees 33 dollars (£3 6s.).

This Month—Fees 53 dollars 95 cents (£5 8s.).

KUEI LIN, KWANG-SI,
JUNE 1, 1906.

IT needs a good deal of determination to sit down and type a letter, when the thermometer is as high as it is to-night.

We have one very bad burn-case, a little girl. She was filling a lamp with oil and allowed the oil to drip down her clothes, then threw a lighted match on the floor. The oil caught fire and flared up, burning the child terribly. I had never in my life seen such a leg! The accident had happened a week before, and they had plastered the limb with filthy Chinese stuff. Mrs. Child, who is a trained nurse, has been most kind in coming down and helping. It took us all three to hold the poor girl sometimes, but she is braver now, and in the midst of her groans, she will put her hands together, in Chinese fashion, and thank us for all we have done.

This has been a splendid week for H. Officials' chairs have been coming and going! much to the edification of the neighbours, who look on with keen interest at all our doings. On Monday I went with H. to see a well-to-do lady, Mrs. Hon. She is quite a young girl, with a very young-looking husband—she is very, very ill. As usual, it was consumption, but not so hopeless as some of H.'s patients have been, and we are so thankful to hear that the medicine has already done her good. We can talk so little as yet that we cannot say much in these visits, but I have prayed very much that our

going to these places may break down prejudice and open the way for the Gospel.

These rich officials are the very hardest class in China to reach. But a sentence I read the other day, in the *North India Herald*, which H.A. sent me, has been a great help—

“PRAYER IS NOT AN OVERCOMING OF GOD’S RESISTANCE, BUT A LAYING HOLD OF HIS HIGHEST WILLINGNESS” (Bishop Thorold).

And in one of these grand houses I did get a nice little opportunity yesterday to tell the Gospel to two ladies. They are both patients, Mrs. Wang and her sister, and they sent a message to ask if I would go with H. to see them. So I arrayed myself in a pale-blue “shaam” and took my fan and a silk handkerchief, and with flowers stuck in my tightly-twisted hair, I felt quite fashionable, according to Chinese ideas!

They had sent their own private chairs for us, and that is equivalent to any one at home sending their carriage and pair for you. The men carried me at a tremendous rate through the streets, simply bowling over any one who happened to be in their way. H. had had to go to another case first and had arranged to meet me there. However, I got there first and was taken into the ladies’ apartment. They had a little table ready spread with a nice clean cloth, supposed to be in English style, with plates of biscuits and Chinese cakes in the middle.

I talked away as best I could, and found out all about the patients’ symptoms, and then Mr. Wang brought H. in. They both had on long grey silk coats almost reaching to their feet. H. looks very nice in his. I wish you could see him. Being tall and thin, Chinese dress suits him very well. He examined the patient, and we talked for a little while, drank some more tea, and then were carried off again in our host and hostess’ sedan chairs. So, you see,

we are "moving in 'igh society"! It is sad that H. with his medicine is warmly welcomed, where Mr. Cunningham with a Bible was refused admittance. It was this way. The Bible Society had sent a special edition of the Chinese Testament, to be presented to high officials, and one had come to the Americans to be presented to the Governor. So Mr. C. wrote a polite note to ask if he might come and present it, with due ceremony. But "the Governor sent his compliments, and he was too busy to receive Mr. C., and would he send it in to the Foreign Office at the Yamen." He is not at all in favour of the Gospel. But it will be grand if his faith in the foreign medicine will lead him on to listen to the foreigner's Gospel.

Anyhow, I must talk "shop" a little longer and tell you that this afternoon H. and I went to see a girl near by, who has been frightfully ill, and was supposed to be dying the day before yesterday. They were beginning to arrange about the coffin and had carried her out of her room, to die in an outer room, where the spirits would not trouble the rest of the family. But now she is so much better that they have taken her back to her bed, and will, I suppose, countermand the coffin order. They are too poor to pay the fee for a visit, but were very, very grateful to us for coming for nothing. It is nice to see real gratitude sometimes. One official was so delighted that his disease was diagnosed as ringworm, and not leprosy, that he insisted on paying 4s. instead of the 2s. H. had charged him for the medicine.

It is very hot now, and Pat, the mission dog, who attends all the meetings and protects the family, has been shorn of his long thick coat. He looks precisely like "Mary's little lamb," and felt so terribly shy and unclothed after his shearing that he went away and hid himself until his feelings had recovered. He knew very well that the whole compound went into fits of laughter at the sight of him.

KUEI LIN,

THURSDAY, JUNE 7.

TO-DAY we have had tremendous heat, and then a thunderstorm which cooled the air beautifully. After dinner Lio Sau, the cook's wife, came in with the news that there was a big snake just outside in the garden. Result—great excitement! The whole Mission proceeded to the garden armed with lamps and sticks, valiant but nervous—it was so dark!

Pat discovered the snake in the rockery—there was a great overturning of stones. Pat was wild and seized the beast and flung it in the air towards us—(flight of the “housemaid” and myself!). Valiant attack by the armed band—and the big snake lay dead. But poor old Pat sat down and whimpered a little. We gave him some milk to drink, but just now he was very ill, and looks as if he were dying. We hope he is not going mad.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9.

POOR old Pat died that night. He had evidently been bitten by that wretched snake. Probably if his coat had not been cut short the bite would have done him no harm, he had very thick, long hair. We all miss him dreadfully, including the old gardener, who was his great friend, and who anxiously inquired if Mr. Child thought he had gone to Heaven. "For if not, where had he gone? He had such a wise spirit, he surely must have gone to Heaven!"

This has been a very slack week with regard to medical work. We were feeling rather bad about it, so it was cheering when the following note arrived this afternoon—

GOVERNOR'S YAMEN,

Wednesday, June 9, 1906.

MY DEAR FRIEND

DR. CLIFT,

I inform that the
Governor has little
sick for weaking.

His son is very fond
to ask you come
to his yamen to see
him.

Please come immedi-
ately if you glad.

I am

Yours very sincerely,

J. LIAU LI.

There was no question about the "if you glad," so H. went off at once and saw the Governor and other patients there. He thinks he will be able to do His Excellency good, which is cheering, as we have had some discouraging "Last Hopes" lately, among others a little child with something the matter with his eyes, who has been nearly blinded by the Chinese medicine they had been giving him.

Mrs. Child and I had a splendid meeting on Wednesday, about sixty or seventy women and children, and they listened very well. The meeting can't last long because neither of us can say very much yet, but what we could say they seemed to understand. Afterwards I underwent a minute examination about English women and English ways. They wanted to know if my hair was really curly like Mrs. Child's, but made smooth by the application of grease!

KUEI LIN,
THURSDAY, JUNE 14.

AND it certainly is June weather, I am simply steaming as I write ! The poochees are blissfully happy, and mosquitoes *swarm*. Speaking of mosquitoes, the Chinese have a story which amuses them immensely.

A town mosquito went out into the country to visit his friend, a country mosquito. The fresh air sharpened his appetite, and he was quite ready for a meal. When dinner-time came, his country cousin led the way to a field where a tough-skinned old buffalo was grazing. The town mosquito went home hungry and highly indignant. By and by he invited the country mosquito to his town house, and the country mosquito was delighted. There are so many human beings to attack in a town, he was sure of a good meal. But when dinner time came, the town mosquito led the way to a temple and invited the country mosquito to make his meal off an idol !

(All I can say is, I wish they would make their meals off idols and buffaloes in Kuei Lin !)

This week has gone quietly by as regards medical work : I think the first rush of excitement about the new foreign doctor has perhaps worn off, and now things will go more surely and more slowly. The little girl with that awful burnt leg still comes regularly to have it dressed. It is wonderful that she has lived. She is by no means out of danger yet ; I never saw a more horrible sight. The child

writhes with the pain, but the other day Mrs. Child lent her a doll to play with, and this so fascinated her that she kept comparatively still and the dressing was done much quicker. The doll's clothes were made to take on and off, and this occupied a long time.

It is quite a pleasure to me when a woman patient comes and H. calls me down to the dispensary, for language study gets monotonous this hot weather, and a few minutes' change is very welcome. I am afraid I still speak with a Cantonese accent; it is not easy to drop it. The Cantonese drawl out their words to a great length, and the Mandarins snip them off; but I hope I shall learn the trick in time. It was in one of Seton Merriman's books that some one said, rather inelegantly, that the power to learn new languages quickly was merely "a monkey trick and a gift of the gab." A mild little joke, of a missionary type, out here, is that the women missionaries always learn to speak Chinese quicker than the men because it is an absolute necessity to a woman to be able to talk!

The compound has been turned upside down lately with a number of Chinese builders building up a wall that threatened to fall down. They built it up wrong the first time, and then had to pull it down again. However, at last it was really finished and the builder disappeared with his men. There was rather a funny little sequel, of a thoroughly Chinese kind—

The shopkeeper next door called in Mr. Song, the Catechist, and said, "Where is that builder you have had about lately? I've not seen him the last day or two."

"Oh," said Mr. Song, "he has finished the wall and gone home."

"Well," said the neighbour, "I wish you would invite him to come to my house. I am thinking of building a house, and I want to talk to him."

Now it happens that one of Mr. Song's little weaknesses is a great love of having his finger in any business transaction which might bring him a commission. So with great alacrity he promised to fetch the builder, and took him next door.

"Ah, yes!" said the shopkeeper when they appeared. "Yes," he said to the builder, "I have been wanting to see you. *Where are those three farthings I lent you the other day?*"

Poor Mr. Song was fearfully upset; he had "lost face" terribly, by being taken in so! And a Chinaman hates nothing so much as losing face. And after all it turned out that the builder had actually returned the huge loan already to the shopkeeper's son!

FRIDAY, 15.

I SAW a wonderful sight this evening. There had been a storm, but the clouds had broken and the sun was shining. There was a dark grey mountain of clouds on the horizon, and above it a pile of white clouds. Then the white turned to exquisite masses of colour, all the colours of the rainbow, not in tidy streaks, but in masses of orange, blue, heliotrope, green and red, getting more and more brilliant as we watched, until it was covered by black clouds. Do you know at all what causes such a thing? The Childs say it is only seen in certain countries, and they have often looked for it here, but never seen it before.

KUEI LIN, KWANG-SI,

JUNE 22, 1906

I HAVE been looking through a diary which I keep (occasionally), but last week's pages are painfully bare. It's too hot for much to happen! This has been our hottest week, with the thermometer at 97° . Anyhow, it makes one thankful to get into one's thinnest summer clothes.

It was rather a triumph yesterday when a man came and begged H. to come to his relation's house to see a patient, whom he had gone once before to see. Do you remember my telling you of some people who got H. to go to the house and, when he got there, absolutely refused to let him remove the filthy Chinese stuff covering the bad foot, so that of course he could not see what was the matter, and consequently could do nothing? They had behaved very badly, and never paid their bill, so it was a very humiliating thing for the man to come back again and beg H. to come a second time. They had evidently heard of his success, for they were quite willing for us to wash the foot this time and do what we liked, but of course the poor woman is much worse, as it is three months since H. first saw her, and the foot is in a awful state now. I do hope the treatment will save her.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23.

THIS is Saturday evening, and we have just finished our Chinese meal. We each sit down with a bowl full of rice and a pair of chopsticks in front of us, while there are eight bowls of meat and vegetables in the middle of the table from which we help ourselves, taking what we want with our own chopsticks. Our menu to-night was :—

Beans.	Vegetable marrow.
Dried mushrooms in gravy.	Vernicelli with onions.
Beef.	Dumplings in gravy.
Pork.	Bean curd.

Everything of course is cut very small, as there are only chopsticks and spoons to eat with.

Saturday is always my “half-holiday.” In theory it is the day I mend the socks and stockings, but in practice the tailor generally does it for me in the end. Somehow I can’t make myself sit down and sew on a melting summer’s night when the needle sticks to one’s clammy fingers, and the perspiration pours down one’s face.

I *wish* I had a lot to tell you of blessing among the people here, but there is *nothing*. I suppose it must be always uphill work in a pioneer station, but when we hear these wonderful accounts of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in India, it makes us long to see men and women seeking Christ here too. I have been reading *Things as They Are* again, and it strikes me very much how perfectly true of

China also are many of the things the writer says about India. Take away the intense, religious fervour, and the clinging to old beliefs, and substitute for that—the most absolute, utter, cheerful indifference, and you have—China as it is in Kuei Lin.

But the time will come when our prayers will be answered. A sentence in *The Pilot* has been in my mind ever since I read it—

“LOOKING BACK AT THE END, I EXPECT THERE WILL BE GREAT GRIEF FOR OUR SINS OF OMISSION : OMISSION TO GET FROM GOD WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE GOT BY PRAYING.”

KUEI LIN, KWANG-SI,

CHINA,

JUNE 29, 1906.

THERE are so many things to say "Thank you" for that I am wondering where to begin. First of all we do want to thank you for the papers which reach us both from England and Ireland. At home, you can hardly realize how much we value these papers. You can go out any time in the day and hear the latest news or see it on the placards; you can go to meetings every day of the week and get help and teaching.

In Kuei Lin we seem so far away from the civilized world, and as for meetings, though we can hear plenty of Chinese addresses, and perhaps understand something of their meaning, the only time we hear an English address is once a fortnight at our United Missionary Prayer Meeting.

I think when we trust Him, God makes this up to us, by making His Word specially precious, and sending us more and more to Himself for strength and encouragement.

Then we do so warmly thank those who are working for us, and sending gifts for the work. A lovely little parcel arrived from Cotta, Ceylon, a little while ago, and others have written asking what garments, etc., would be useful. Dolls, with garments to take off and on, are very useful to amuse some frightened, weeping, little patients, who become so absorbed in taking off the strange English garments that they forget to cry.

Bandages of all sizes are splendid, and also little bags made of common butter muslin, and stuffed thus—one layer of good cotton wool (such as you buy at a chemist's), one layer in the middle of any common cotton wool, and then another layer of the good cotton wool. These make good dressings to put straight away on to wounds and sores.

Then there is another thing which I often long for. The Chinese never wear woollen garments, and coughs and consumption are frightfully common. Of course they are always getting chills, especially in the winter, when there is frost here and sometimes snow. Now what I want to ask is that next time you are making yourselves any woollen garments, if you have a piece over will you make it into a little (or big!) vest of any shape or size. And it doesn't matter how much it is made up of pieces joined together! Only it must be wool or flannel, not flannelette. There now! I have said enough about "wants." But please remember I am only mentioning these things for the benefit of those who want to know.

This letter will go to many whose hands are already more than full of work of all sorts, and my "information" is not for them! Lastly, and most of all, we thank you again for your continued prayers "on our behalf." You have no idea what a *difference* they make. Will you please ask GREAT THINGS for this mission and for this great, dark city, without God and without hope.

JUNE 29, 1906.

I HAVE just come in from a visit to Mr. Song's house. I think I told you about him ; he is a very earnest Christian and has charge of the book-room and the daily preaching to people at the door.

I went to see his little three-days-old son to-day—such a funny, dark-eyed little mortal ! He was received rather solemnly by his two brothers. The eldest (three years old) regarded him critically, and said—“ He's just like a monkey ! ”

And the younger (two years old) said—“ Don't let him cry. Slap him.” The little thing is warmly welcomed by this mission, for several reasons ; chiefly because when Mr. Song became a Christian the heathen all said—

“ Ah ! now you will see he will have no more prosperity, no more good fortune ! ”

Now in Chinese eyes the height of prosperity and blessing is to possess three sons, so we feel that God has been very gracious to His servant in giving him this third little boy. Do you remember my asking you to pray for Mrs. Song, the mother, who was a bigoted Mahomedan ?

I think your prayers are already being answered, for her husband said the other day she has quite ceased to oppose the Gospel, and truly believes. It will make all the difference in the training of those three bonny little babies, if the father and mother are serving the Lord together with one heart and mind.

How I would love for you to come in and see us on Wednesday afternoons, when we are holding our women's and children's meeting. You would hardly recognize that it *was* a meeting unless you were told so. Women come in and sit down for a while and then become restless and trot out again, and others take their place ; or perhaps one who can read wishes to show off before her more ignorant sisters, and she begins reading one of the scrolls on the wall in a loud voice, which quite drowns that of the speaker ; or else one who understands a good deal will begin to explain what we are saying—"She says so and so, etc., etc.," until we have to politely beg for silence and an opportunity to continue the address. No matter what we tell them about, they will listen cheerfully and nod their heads, "Oh yes, oh yes, is it so ? Is it so ? Seni speaks our language very well." But that is all, no one comes seeking our Saviour. Every one is apparently perfectly satisfied to go on in the old way, worshipping idols, sacrificing to demons, praying to ancestors. They DON'T WANT JESUS, but oh ! how they need Him !

It is difficult to realize how *soaked* their minds are in superstition. For instance, when a son of the house is ill, they fully believe it is because a demon is making off with his soul. One of the women will then go out, get a chicken, wrap it in a garment belonging to the sick person, and then she will go along the road with a basket of tea loaves, rice and other eatables in one hand, the chicken under one arm, and a mirror in the other hand. As she passes along, she chants a little wailing chant, begging the demon to give up the wandering soul, scattering food as she goes to lure the soul back again, and holding up the mirror that the soul may be able to see the way. The chicken's head has red on it—the colour which brings good fortune ; and moreover, if the demon should venture too near, they think the

chicken will peck him and send him away. I am telling you all this just exactly as my teacher told it to me the other day, and as I write it I know just how ridiculous and silly it will all seem to you; but when you remember that this is only one of hundreds and hundreds of superstitions in which these women fully believe, you can see how hard it is to get them to listen seriously to the Gospel. If you tell them that a sickness is not the result of an evil spirit dwelling in the body, they will listen to you very politely, but all the time they are thinking in their hearts—"How very strangely ignorant these foreigners are. How is it their mothers did not teach them better?"

Of course many of the men are far wiser and laugh at the superstitions of their wives, but the women are very, very hard to convince.

I am afraid I frightened one woman away by telling her how nice and fat her baby was! She looked so frightened and not at all pleased, because she feared some demon would hear me, and would immediately want to get possession of such a nice baby. We have to be so very careful! The medical work is a great instrument in gaining their confidence—the more I see of the heathen, the more I feel it is one of the very best ways of reaching their hearts.

KUEI LIN,
JULY 12.

H PUT out all my little plans for study and journal-writing, etc., last week by getting suddenly ill, and giving us rather a fright. He always says he simply can't diagnose himself when he is feeling very bad, so he left the diagnosis to us, and Mrs. Child and I read up typhoid, cholera, and a few other things, and found that his symptoms might be fitted into several different diseases ! However, in spite of a wavering diagnosis, after a few days he took a turn and is now recovering rapidly, and getting back a good appetite. I feel so tremendously grateful to Mrs. Child for all her help ; she is a well-trained nurse and did ever so much for us. But oh ! at home in Scotby you have no idea what it is to be ill or to act nurse, night and day, in the heart of a Chinese summer. One of the minor trials is the mosquito net, which has to be let down as soon as the sun sets, and tucked in all round the bed, which complicates the changing of garments and passing in of medicines and food. The crafty little wretches of mosquitoes wait their chance, and then when you have tumbled into bed worn out and just longing to go to sleep, you hear a vicious little sharp singing noise, which tells you that some mosquitoes have crept inside and have been waiting in some hidden corner to attack you. I have been making a tremendous raid on them lately, and sent " Eighty-eight " out the day before yesterday to purchase a mosquito lamp at the modest

price of one penny. You light the tiny wick inside, then clap the funnel over a mosquito as he sits outside your net, then a sudden fizzle—and it is all over, and your heart rejoices that there is one less enemy to deal with. I have despatched crowds and crowds of them this way the last two nights!

The eighth day after H. was taken ill he was able to get out into the garden, so he has made a rapid recovery, and I can't help feeling it was because of the many who are praying for him. I have often thought of those words—"Prayer was made of the church for him continually," for the little band of Christians here have prayed for him daily. Mr. Song asked so earnestly that the "soil and water" (climate) of Kuei Lin might suit him and that he might soon be at work again, and yesterday there was quite a thanksgiving at the weekly prayer-meeting that he is getting better so quickly. It is such a mercy that there is one place in Kuei Lin where you can buy fresh milk when any one is ill, for condensed milk is not appetising except in tea, etc. Beef is easily got (of a sort) for beef-tea, and chickens of course, so it is not hard to feed H. up now.

Convalescence is rather hard, for there is so very little variety to be had here in the summer, and one gets such a dislike for tinned things after a while. The weather has changed to-day, and we have had a grand rain storm and a cool wind. The poor people will be glad, for in some places there is famine already, and the villagers have been into the city in a mournful procession, carrying ears of parched, withered corn to show the gods how badly they are in need of rain. The wily old officials have learnt the value of barometers, and they watch till they see that the barometer is falling, then they proclaim a fast—no pigs to be killed and everybody to pray for rain! And lo and behold! in a very little time the rain appears!

The humbugging that goes on in China is perfectly appalling. The Chinese who have travelled come back here and tell the people such ridiculous stories.

“ Oh yes ! ” they say. “ *We* have been in foreign parts and have seen these strange things. It is quite true that there are dragons in the sea. We have seen them lashing the water with their tails until the water rose up and then came down as rain upon the land ! ”—and naturally the stay-at-homes implicitly believe them.

Humanly speaking it seems as if you may fight and fight against these masses of superstition and *never* cast them out. Even our old Christian, Mrs. Hoh, was weeping bitterly because she dreamt of her little grand-daughter the other night, and she said she knew it meant that Mei-Mei was not comfortable in her grave—probably because the rain had partly washed the mound away and it was not as high as it had been !

The patients have still been coming while H. was in bed ; Mr. Child has interviewed the men, and I the women. Then we have reported the symptoms to H. and I have made up the medicines. He is seeing them himself now. It makes us rather sad to think what a fractional proportion of all the sick people in Kuei Lin find their way here as yet. At this time of year there is a great deal of sickness, and the Catechist, Mr. Song, says he sees such a number of little children’s funerals passing the door on their way out of the North Gate. The children are allowed to eat such very unripe fruit—plums and peaches picked and sold while they are still quite green and as hard as stones, because if they are left too long on the trees, wasps and thieves make away with them all. Of course the children make themselves ill, and they die off by hundreds at this season. The dead are always buried outside the city walls, and as we are close to the North Gate, a great many funerals go past ;

but the other day there was immense excitement when a funeral procession actually *entered* the city. It is against the law to bring a dead body into a Chinese city, but this time special permission had been obtained from the Emperor, to carry the body of the Viceroy's brother back to his home in Kuei Lin.

It was such a tawdry procession—all paper flowers, and images, and a smart sedan chair carried in state, in which had been placed a letter written by the Emperor in praise of the dead man.

The law about bringing the dead into a city caused great trouble once to two Kwang-Si missionaries. Their little daughter was taken ill while they were travelling on the river, and she died. As soon as the boatmen knew what had happened, they absolutely refused to have the little body on the boat, and turned the poor father and mother out. They had to walk to the city, the father carrying his dead child; and when they got there, the people refused to let them in, so they had to get men to dig the grave outside the city wall, and bury her there.

KUEI LIN,

SATURDAY, JULY 21.

WE are in our very hottest month now—what the Chinese call Fu-Tien, a word which Mr. Li looked up evidently in his English dictionary, and solemnly announced to H. “the dog-days now begin”! Even China takes it easy—the colleges close, the soldiers are not drilled, and the officials do as little business as possible. Only the missionary (and the *poor* Chinaman) grinds on, and he doesn’t seem to accomplish much!

However, a welcome breeze sprang up yesterday, and we actually managed two games of tennis in the late afternoon, and it was possible to enjoy language study.

“Our Street”—otherwise known as North Gate Street—has had its little excitements this week, in the form of a ghost, a fire and a disappearance of a baby. Mild excitements, all of them, except the baby incident.

The postman came in the day before yesterday and said that a woman was weeping and wailing in the street, because her baby had been stolen. It made us rather anxious, because many people would at once attribute the theft to us. They always believe the old stories of missionaries stealing children, so much so that six years ago at the time of the troubles, when the Byrdes went down to the coast, the crowds rushed into the house as soon as they had gone to search for the babies’ bones.

But in this case the true story soon came out. It was the

father himself, who had sold his month-old baby, without telling the mother what he had done. I know he is *very* poor, and would find it hard work to rear the child, but it was a cruel thing to go and sell their only child, without letting his wife know. The purchaser was a rich shopkeeper's wife, who gave £2 10s. for it—a huge price in a Chinaman's eyes.

Her husband has been away for some weeks, and meanwhile her own baby was born—the *fifth* girl, an awful misfortune! So she has got rid of the girl and purchased this baby-boy from our street, and will tell her husband, when he returns, that this is their own son!—and not a man or woman in Kuei Lin will reveal her secret; they never do, when a thing like this is done. But the boy's real mother is frantic with grief, and as for that man, I can't bear the sight of him. He has been an inquirer for some time, coming regularly to the meetings. But it is such an ordinary, everyday thing to sell a baby in China, that I suppose it never struck him as wrong, only as a kindness to his boy, whom he had no money to bring up himself.

The fire incident was less tragic. A few nights ago we heard a tremendous shouting in the street, which lasted so long that I thought there must be a big quarrel going on. But next morning we heard that Mr. Hai, one of H.'s patients, a rich man, had had a fire in his shop, caused by a lamp flaring up. *Nothing* makes these people more indignant than a fire, because their houses are made of wood, and if a fire spreads there is awful destruction. So they helped him put the fire out and gave him a tremendous blowing-up at the same time.

The next morning the fatherly official said that, as Mr. Hai evidently didn't know how to take care of himself, he must at once purchase five foreign garden-syringes, at 4 dollars each (8s.) But this was not enough! The

street said, " Now, you've got to pay up, and have a thanksgiving service to the god of fire because your house was not burned down." So Mr. Hai had to pay a band of Taoist musicians to tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum on their native instruments in the temple opposite this house, and to send offerings of ducks and other good things to the idol ! And this in spite of the fact that Hai himself is a Mahomedan, and not an idol-worshipper. A thanksgiving service sounds very pious, but I'm afraid in China it only means a " lively sense of favours to come "—an appeased and well-fed idol being less likely to want to burn down the street just at present.

The ghost of " our street " appeared two nights ago. About 10 p.m. the bean-soup man, whose bell I often hear just before I go off to sleep, was selling his bowls of soup at one cent (a farthing) each, when some one came out of one of the new and uninhabited shops, which have just been built a little way down the street, and bought 8 cents worth. The soup man took the money and went on his way. The next purchaser wanted 2 cents and produced 10 cents, but when the soup man took his 8 cents to give change, lo and behold they were made of paper ! So he rushed back to the first place with a policeman, banged on the door, and getting no answer, they burst open the door, and inside they found—nothing but two planks of wood. Numbers of people have visited " our street " to have a look at the building, which they firmly believe to be haunted by the Hungry Ghost.

Somehow it wouldn't surprise one if Chinese ghosts were hungry, because sometimes it seems as if these people can talk of nothing but their food and their money !

I have brought my writing out into the garden this afternoon—we are always glad to get out of the stifflingly hot house as soon after tea as we can.

The garden is looking so pretty with the vine trailing over one wall, and the tall, cool-looking Indian corn just moving in the breeze. But what's the use of *writing* it all—it's just words, words, words, and sometimes I get so impatient with them. I find one is apt to get impatient with most things in the hot weather. It was rather staggering to be told by Mr. Wu the other day—

“It is a very strange thing that foreigners don't *have* tempers. I don't understand it. The Chinese have very big ones!”

I hastened to assure him that foreigners certainly *have*, and in my heart I felt very small when I thought of some decidedly sharp words I had spoken only the evening before. Another thing that Mr. Wu can't understand is that “foreigners don't feel homesick”! Oh, my dears, my dears, if he only knew! If a Chinaman feels homesick he just gives in and goes home, like Mr. Parker's teacher, who threw up his situation in Yungchow and came home to starve with his wife and family, or to live on what his poor hard-worked wife can make by embroidering slippers—because he felt so homesick. Poor old Wu! he doesn't understand what it means to give up anything for Christ's sake yet. I tried to make him understand a little bit of what it meant to us to leave home, and *how* I looked for my precious little bundle of letters every mail.

KUEI LIN, KWANG-SI, CHINA,

VIA WUCHOW,

JULY 26, 1906.

I AM finding the very early morning the best time to do work these hot days, so now I get up as soon as possible and make some tea. Then we enjoy tea and *The Pilot*, which I always read aloud. After that I have a good long time to myself before breakfast. I am using up a few moments now waiting for the breakfast-bell to ring.

Yesterday brought in our newspaper mail, which is always hailed with delight. Very often when the mail is late in Hong Kong they only have time to sort the letters and get them off, while the papers come on later.

We like it because it spreads out our enjoyment like butter on a piece of bread. (You don't know what spreading butter means at home! Our butter is in a perpetual state of liquid oil nowadays. There isn't even a well here to keep it cool in.)

I wonder if you noticed a paragraph in *The Times* about the Chinese Labour Cartoons, from the Peking Correspondent. He said—

“The first number of the first illustrated paper ever published in Peking has just been issued. It is written in a popular style and is obtaining a large circulation. A feature of the paper is the reproduction in an exaggerated form of the Chinese labour cartoons distributed at the last general election. Two published in this number represent

a Chinese miner in rags and shoeless, his face distorted with pain, tightly handcuffed across a beam. The letterpress explains that these cartoons illustrate the treatment to which miners are subjected in South Africa and are reproduced from an English book. This paper announces that other cartoons of a similar nature will be published in succeeding numbers. Imagine the effect of such pictures distributed throughout the recruiting districts in North China. Barely have anti-foreign publications from the Chinese themselves been more calculated to inflame resentment against foreigners than these infamous pictures copied from English election literature, whose reproduction we can neither prevent nor protest against."

The very same paper contains a letter from Dr. Molyneux, Health Officer at Cheefu. He has personally examined 14,502 coolies as to their physical and mental fitness for the work. He says—

"During the past eighteen months I have been daily associated with candidates for work and with coolies shipped to the Rand mines . . . whose occupation is reported to be tainted with slavery. I would like to point out from personal knowledge the coolies know all about the conditions of service before they are shipped, and very often after repatriation they dishonestly endeavour to hug their slavish chains again. One of the difficulties of the traffic is to recognize these 'old hands' and to prevent their re-enlistment. Allow me to indicate an ordinary morning's routine at the Cheefu agency :—The applicants are carefully examined physically and their intelligence is tested by the examining medical officer. When they have passed the doctor they are (in batches of thirty), in the presence of the Transvaal Government agent, instructed in the terms of their agreement. A Socratic method is adopted by the agent and the interpreter—

“ ‘ How much will be deducted from your pay for outfit ?

“ ‘ Suppose you should lose an arm, how much will you have to draw when you come back to China ? Now do you all understand (pointing) ? Do you ? Do you ? Now do you understand that you will live in a compound, and that you cannot go out without a permit, and only then if you behave well ? Do you understand this ? Now altogether, do you understand ? Now one at a time. Would you like to take your wives and children with you ? We want you to, if you will. If you neglect your work and are punished, your pay will be stopped during punishment or imprisonment. Do you understand ? ’

“ The service may or may not ‘ be tainted with slavery ’—but the intending slaves know all about it, and when rejected . . . are bitterly disgusted at not being allowed to wear the chain. . . . ”

To-day, in my Chinese lesson, we came across the sentence—in Chinese—“ Do you feel homesick ? ” so I said to Wu, “ Do the Chinese feel homesick in Africa ? ” He was greatly amused and said, “ No, no ! they are very happy, they get such good pay ! ”

So apart from the question whether the English masters are wise or kind in managing John Chinaman, it *is* a lie to call it slavery.

One can't wonder if those dreadful cartoons stir up hatred against the English people in China. It would be one thing to lay down one's life for the Gospel in China, but quite another to be called to lay down one's life at the hands of natives justly enraged against the foreigner of whom he hears such reports of cruelty !

There, now, I've had my little outburst, and I feel better !

This is Friday evening. To-day has been another Red-Letter day, because the mail came in. The dear letters were just worth their weight in gold, but rather short, on account

of holidays, and a curious idea every one seemed to have that the *other person* was telling all the news.

This has been the most uneventful week we have had in Kuei Lin. There is a painful cessation of patients, only temporary we are sure : and it *was* cheering, just as so little work and so little money was coming in, to hear of supplies contributed in England. Then, too, it was a little bit of cheer, when H. and I went out for a stroll this evening, and were standing looking at the ruins of a huge idol, just outside the garden gate, to have a nice old man (clad simply in a pair of knickerbockers) come up, and with a lot of patting of his back, indicate the region of pain, and ask, " Could the Sin Shang heal him ? " So we are expecting him to turn up to-morrow.

There is one thing to be thankful for, during this " slack " time H. is able to turn his attention to the language, and is getting on quickly.

The language study years certainly are a boon in enabling one to study the people and their ways. The more I see of the Chinese, the more I feel what extraordinary people they are. Mr. Mah, the Childs' teacher, always stops to dinner with us on Wednesday evenings, as his house is a long way away, and if he stays to the prayer-meeting, he has nothing to eat, unless he has his meal with us. It is then that we have our Chinese meal, rice and chopsticks, etc., so he feels quite at home. You would lose the ordinary idea of a " heathen Chinee " if you could see him—neatly plaited queue, a long linen coat, spotlessly clean hands and nails, and such pretty hands too.

He is a thorough gentleman in manners. It is these real gentlemen who are so astonished when they come to the ports and are treated like coolies by the Europeans, and spoken to as " John." No wonder they begin to think the foreigners are a race of barbarians !

Last Wednesday we were talking about Chinese ghosts, and he told us some of the stories, which are solemnly believed in as perfectly true. I must give you one little one.

In a certain city there was a large house, about which there hung an air of mystery. A certain Chinaman possessing his full share of native inquisitiveness, passing by one day, saw a little door in the wall standing open, and ventured in to look round. He wandered about until he came to a room where he saw a woman combing her hair. She combed it, and twisted it up, and THEN—took her head off and put it on the table in front of her to see how it looked! The terrified man rushed from the room and went into another room in front, where he found four men sitting.

“Listen,” he cried. “Take my advice, and whatever you do don’t go into the room at the back. There is a woman there, who is a spirit. She can take off her head!”

“Oh! that’s nothing,” said the four men, “we can do that too!” and with that *they* took off their own heads—and——

BUT the man had fled. And if you don’t believe that, it just shows, of course, that you don’t know what’s true.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1906.

I HAD another little bit of cheer yesterday. The woman I told you about, who thought H. could listen to fever parasites squeaking in her daughter's veins, came for more medicine, and had to wait a while in the women's room. When I went in she asked me to explain what was the meaning of some very strange words she had noticed on the wall—

“ I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee, and am no more worthy to be called Thy son.”

Can't you imagine what a thrill it gives you to get a chance like that to talk to a woman who WANTS to hear. It was lovely to tell her the story of the Prodigal Son.

It is Saturday night and I am in the study, hoping earnestly that good Mr. Song won't take it into his head to come and ask H.—

“ Ki Sinshang, haf you time for a chat ? ”—an English sentence of which he is very proud. He is a clever man, and loves to talk about England and English ways, and thoroughly enjoys looking at an English illustrated paper, and unlike most Chinese he can see a picture ! Lots of these people look at a picture and can see nothing, can not even distinguish a man's face. There is no perspective in their own pictures. H. has just brought in the surgery book, and we are going to count up the takings and number of patients. You shall hear the result. . . .

It is rather disheartening and yet not half so bad as many doctors at home have to experience—

Patients—116.

Takings—£2 14s 9d.

Our successes and failures go up and down like the temperature chart of a fever patient! But this is only the fifth month of an entirely new practice—and you have to remember the mountains of prejudice to be broken down.

AUGUST 11, 1906.

I OFTEN feel that my letters are full of the *beginnings* of stories of which I can tell you no end! *I wish I could!* It is sometimes discouraging to have an interesting patient come, to spend time and trouble over her, and even to write home and ask people to pray for her—and then she disappears entirely and we hear nothing more.

I suppose when the work is new, it must always be like that. We must sow and sow, and wait till GOD gives the harvest.

Do you remember my telling you about that little girl with the burnt leg? We spent *hours* over it, and were so glad when her life was saved. Then one day we tried to get her to take chloroform that the knee might be straightened, but she was terrified and struggled so hard that it had to be given up. Of course after that it was impossible to reduce the deformity, but her mother would not believe that. She came back several days later and implored my husband to make the knee straight.

He explained to her, again and again, that it was too late. They would not let him do it at the right time, and now he *couldn't* do it! Still she did not believe him, but went on begging— “What can I do with such a daughter? I am a very poor woman. What *can* I do?” She meant that she would never be able to sell her daughter to a respectable husband for a good sum, if she had such a deformity. At last she went away, promising to bring her child the next

day, for though the danger was past, the terrible raw surface still needed careful attention—and they never came back ! We had everything ready one morning, even to the preparation of a little bit of my arm, where some skin was to be scraped off for grafting on to the raw wound. But we have seen nothing more of the child. And she is typical of so many. We can only pray that the seed of the Gospel sown may spring up *some day*.

I am afraid the fate for that poor little girl will be to be sold cheaply as a slave, to do as much work as her mistress can get out of her. The buying and selling of children in China is HATEFUL. Every house that can afford it has a certain number of slaves, and oh ! the wretched lives that many of them live. Some of them are happy enough in a way, but others are treated abominably, and it has been known that mistresses have beaten their little slave girls to death.

Only on Monday, while we were sitting at breakfast, a girl came across the courtyard and in at the open door, then knelt down, knocking her head on the floor. She looked pale and trembling, and Mr. Child, by a little questioning, found out that she had run away from her mistress, because she said they were so cruel to her, and beat her, and she was ill.

That sort of thing makes my blood boil ! I want to get up and do something at once. But this is China, and by Chinese law a slave is her master's own property, so the only thing to be done was to send across the river to the man's house and get them to come for the poor child, begging them to be kinder to her. Of course, according to their account, it was the child's fault entirely, but how are we to know ? I fear there was only a worse beating for her, because she dared to run to the foreigner for protection.

You would be amused if you could see the difficulties

under which I am writing ! It has been a wet day, but the sun came out after tea, and I brought my work into the garden, where there is a nice little sheltered seat. But just now the clouds have gathered again, and there is a tremendous downpour of rain.

I often think of Saturday morning in Scotby, when we waited for the 10.9 train to take us into market, and every one discussed the weather, and if it was good for the crops. Out here we watch it even more eagerly—it is a matter of life and death to the people. The soil is very poor, and the people literally *live* on rice. If the crops fail, the prices go up, and famine threatens at once, and there is terrible suffering. If there is too much rain the rice is washed away and ruined, and if there is too little it is shrivelled up at once. It affects us too, for when rice goes up, vegetables and meat go up, and wages have to be increased, *everything* gets speedily more expensive.

Harvest time has just come, and for nearly a week we have been having such rain as you never dream of at home—solid sheets of water it seems pouring down almost unceasingly. Yesterday and to-day have been a little brighter, and there is still hope if only it clears up now. The harvest is the most important time of all the year. The farmers don't hire labourers, but their relations all gather together and set to work. The carpenter, for instance, who has been making our furniture, has gone to his home—eight days' journey, tramping 320 miles—to help cut and gather in the precious crop.

And now the tailor, a clever man, who makes our Chinese clothes very well, at a wage of sixpence a day, says he must be going home for a few weeks to take his part in the harvesting.

The rain has cleared off again and everything looks so fresh and green. I should like you to see this garden. On

one side is growing Indian corn, just ripening, with sweet potatoes, pea nuts and some Chinese vegetables, and on the other, climbing over the wall, are great trailing branches of a vine. The grapes have just been gathered—grapes are very plentiful now, not great purple fruit, like those in Scotby, but little green, round grapes, rather sour, but very nice in the hot summer time.

Even the fruit seems “upside down” in China—the plum season begins in early summer and is quite over now. You have no idea how homely even China can be, especially when you have two cats and a puppy dog to keep you company! The cats are very comical to watch in the hot weather. They lie with each separate limb stretched out as *far* as it will go! and choose the hearth-stone or a damp corner under the water-butt to keep cool in. Now that the rain has sent the temperature down, they look chilly and miserable, curled up into tight little balls. It is wonderful to have it so cool in August, but on the whole I am rather inclined to think the heat is less trying than this steaming dampness, for such a “rheumatically” person as myself. But I can’t tell you HOW thankful I am that we are both well and strong and able to do our work.

SATURDAY.—My letter was not finished yesterday, because in the evening Mr. Song came in and asked me to write a letter for him, turning his Chinese into English, to send to Mr. Byrde, who is at home just now.

“Please say that my wife has a third little son, for which I give thanks to God”—then he paused with a twinkle in his eyes—“and say, but to have three sons to care for is a great burden!” then he threw back his head and laughed such a merry laugh, that it didn’t seem as if the burden was weighing *very* heavily. He said that his little wife now truly believes that Jesus is the Saviour, but she is hindered by her Mahomedan relatives, who are greatly opposed to

the Gospel. The chief distinction between the heathen and Mahomedans here is that the latter won't touch pork, and they greatly despise those who eat it. Mr. Song says his mother, in spite of knowing the Gospel so well, still clings to devil-worship. I do long that the lives of the few Christians here shall be so full of POWER, that those who live in the compound and go in and out amongst us may be constrained to seek Our God.

There is a little sentence in Dr. Weymouth's translation of Romans, which often cheers me—in the fourth chapter, speaking of Abraham's faith, the 18th verse says—

“UNDER HOPELESS CIRCUMSTANCES HE HOPEFULLY BELIEVED.”

If ever there were hopeless circumstances, we see them here. We do want, like Abraham, to be “strong in faith, giving glory to God, being fully persuaded that what He has promised He is able also to perform.” ONLY—we must not get tired of waiting and praying. As the Chinese version says, “Men ought always to pray and not to be LAZY.”

KUEI LIN,

AUGUST 18, 1906.

I HAVE come out into the garden to cool down after the heat and to recover my temper. I feel decidedly ruffled because the tailor, who made my first Chinese shaams, made two of them the wrong size, and a Chinese coat cannot, by any manner of means, be altered, if it is once cut wrong. Don't you know how annoying it is, when you get a dress home from the dressmaker, and it is all wrong. Well! my dears, *you* can have it altered—*I can't*, so I feel I have almost a right to be cross! I find that, although they are only Chinese clothes, one is just as anxious to have them nice, as if they were English.

I feel better now—a vent for one's feelings is a great thing!

Just here—Mrs. Hoh has appeared at the tennis-court door to say some Chinese ladies want to come and “wish us peace” (which is generally a long process). They do love to come and see the garden—it is so unlike their own. . . . The garden was invaded for a little while with a whole crowd of women, chattering like magpies. One of them, an official's wife, wanted to know if H. could cure her little girl, twelve years old, who can't walk. So we have arranged that she is to be brought in a chair next week.

This has been a very uneventful week—nothing to break the “daily round” of language-study, meetings, seeing

patients, punctuated by meals. Time flies so fast, that we always seem to be having meals!

The Kuei Lin news is rather scant, but it is only every month or so that they expect a consignment.

By the way, our last papers from Hong Kong brought us full details of the murder of Dr. MacDonald on the West River. He was the Wesleyan doctor at Wuchow, and we got to know him and his wife and little boy, when we were waiting there for our boxes, before starting for Kuei Lin. He was very much loved by all the Chinese—even up here they know his name very well, and speak of him with great respect. He had gone down to Canton for their synod and was on his way home, when he was killed. A band of pirates came on board as if they were ordinary passengers, with firearms concealed in their clothes and in large pumpkins. Then when they got to a spot near a place called “The Three Waters,” they suddenly attacked the Captain and Dr. MacDonald in the saloon. We passed over this very place on our way up—I remember it well. Dr. MacDonald was murdered in cold blood, while he was telling them they had the best of it and could loot what they liked, but they need not add murder to their crimes. The Captain was wounded, but feigned death so well that one of the pirates kicked him, and said, “That ‘devil’ is dead. No need to trouble about him.” Then they took all that they found, smashed everything they possibly could, and departed. It seems they were mad with anger because they did not find the treasure on board that they had expected. It is said that the officials had meant to send £4,000 worth of bullion by that steamer, but had changed their minds at the last moment. The pirates have been having it their own way on the West River far too long. But this last crime has stirred every one up, to see that something is done to put them down.

Last time I wrote we were having tremendous rains, but the fine weather came just in time to save the rice. The people worked hard at the harvest, and in a few days they were selling the new rice all along our street, and the price went down with leaps and bounds. It is no easy task harvesting in a tropical sun—the men's backs get dreadfully blistered and sore. Just before the price went down, two countrymen who had kept back their rice in the hope that the price would go up still further, brought it into the city and refused to sell it under 6 dollars 20 cents a picul, when the right price was 5 dollars 20 cents. But the officials heard of their little game, and popped these grasping gentlemen into cangues—those enormously heavy neck-boards—with their sin written out in big characters for all to see—to the delight of the inhabitants!

There is not much love lost between the city and country people. The city people say that a countryman is so afraid of wasting his money by buying the wrong thing, that he will even get into his coffin when he is purchasing it, and lie down inside to see if it fits nicely.

We have had such a miserable dinning and drumming going on in the opposite house—Buddhist priests praying for the soul of a dead woman. It will end up to-night with a great tamasha; the people of the house will have to cook a lot of rice and put it out in the street for the benefit of wandering and hungry spirits—and the dogs in the street will get a good meal for once!

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18.

THEY chose 1.30 in the middle of the night to end up the ceremony, with a tremendous banging of crackers, and clashing of gongs, and chantings. I was glad when it was over—there is something weird and ghastly in hearing devil-worship in the night.

I sometimes think if people could hear and see what we hear and see, they would realize that the “Awakening of China” is a slow, slow process.

I begin to see that to wake up is one thing, but what you will do when you are awake is *another*. Of course I know that it is marvellous to see the rage for Western methods and Western learning, but the rage takes such peculiar “shapes.” The New College here has just spent £500 on a new cinematograph and another £100 on the pictures for it—money taken from the people which ought to be spent on teachers and books. Any new “toy” pleases them hugely—they think they are making *great* strides in their education! Or take the police force. When we got back to China, H. and I were struck with the fact that there were policemen in the streets, in neat uniform and blue turbans—it was something quite new, part of “the awakening.” Then a few days ago, we heard that the sergeant, who was over the police in our street, had suddenly departed. It seems he was so zealous about his duty, that he would go round at night-time and rouse any valiant member of the force found sleeping on a doorstep! This

made the men so mad that they posted up all sorts of lies about him on the door of the police station. The Superintendent read the placard, and dismissed the sergeant without any inquiry, so the next sergeant will take care to "let sleeping policemen lie" if he wants to keep his post!

We heard a typical story of the way Chinese justice is administered in Kwang Si,—the other day. The Governor of Kuei Lin sent a message to a certain officer to forbid his soldiers gambling. The officer issued the order, but they still gambled. Then he said that the next offenders would be beheaded. Some of the men gambled again, and were caught and beheaded. The brave officer watched the beheading, seated on his horse, and the minute it was over fled back to his yamen. Exactly what he feared happened. In a little while there was a thundering knock at the door—the dead men's friends had come to wreak vengeance on the General. A junior officer offered to go and speak to them at the door, but the minute he appeared he was murdered by the furious men. Meanwhile the General hid under the bed, and afterwards escaped from the house! When the mob had gone I suppose he ventured back, and finding that his enemies had snatched the guns from his own servants, who guarded the gates, and had rushed upon the house—because he couldn't catch the real offenders he had his own men beheaded, for *allowing their guns to be snatched*. The Chinese will tell you all this with the greatest amusement. It's rather a joke in fact, almost as funny to them as it is to us to read about the Red Queen and her "Off with his head"!

We had a patient brought in by one of the college students the other day. She was a woman—a friend of this student and I had a little talk with her, and got the student to explain the Gospel to her, as she would understand

what he said better. He did it beautifully, as simply and clearly as possible, and yet he is one of those who do believe but dare not come out—"it would ruin their prospects." Yesterday he came to Mr. Child with a lot of questions on Genesis—"If Eve was made from Adam's rib, Adam must have had one less. How is it that we men have not got one less than the women? What a pity it isn't so, because then everybody would know that Genesis is quite true!"

KUEI LIN,

AUGUST 28, 1906.

THIS is the second of August, and I suppose every one in England who can is going away for a holiday. H. and I are beginning to think rather longingly of our little trip down to Wuchow in September.

It is very, very hot still, and work is a struggle just now. One comfort about our teacher is that he *loves* talking. If once he gets started, he will go on indefinitely, and I find I learn a great deal more from listening to him, than from reading, reading, reading. His mother is an ardent idol-worshipper, and he knows all about the different gods and goddesses in Kuei Lin.

There is a "Scabies Idol" worshipped by men suffering from that disease, while the idol's "wife" is worshipped by the women. They buy soap and water and a broom, and, as the idol is always supposed to be covered with scabies, they scrub him down from head to foot, and then implore him to reward them by healing them! If ONLY they would apply the soap and water to themselves instead! There is a little temple in this street which contains a headless idol, supposed to represent a wise man.

Thousands of years ago, the Emperor of China asked him—

"Of all the good things to eat, which is the best?"—and the wise man said—"SALT."

But the King was so angry, that he said—"Take this

man, who dares to mock me, and behead him." So they took him and beheaded him, and the King said—

"I will henceforth eat no salt whatsoever with my food." So they brought his food, and when he began to eat, he found that it was tasteless. Then he was stricken with grief and remorse, and said—

"The man was right and I was wrong. What can I do to recompense him? I will make him a god and men shall worship him." So now they worship his headless image, but the food they offer to him never contains salt, because the remembrance of the thing which caused him to lose his head would be too painful.

Life must be burdensome when one has to constantly propitiate the "Kitchen god" for fear the rice is spoilt, the "Fire god" for fear he burns the house down, the god who protects the bed, who if he is not worshipped will make the children cry and toss restlessly in their sleep, and a thousand and one spirits and demons, all supposed to be waiting to work one harm.

FRIDAY.—To-day H. has been busy all the morning. It is quite refreshing to have "Eighty-Eight" come up and say, "Sin Shang, there is a patient waiting." "Eighty-Eight", by the way, is the Dispensary-Assistant, who, for the sum of 1s. 6d. a week, keeps the dispensary in spotless order, cleans instruments, makes up powders, fetches water, writes instructions on medicine-bottles, and makes himself generally useful. He is Mr. Song's younger brother, and I think he will do very well, as he learns his work quickly, and takes a real interest in it. He has a nice open face, but looks rather like an elderly lady, with hair hanging in curtains over his forehead! The reason is that with constant shaving the hair left for the pigtail gets cut back farther and farther from the forehead, so that occasionally they have to let another *layer* grow (so to speak). For a

time the new hair sticks up all round, like porcupine bristles ; then, as it gets longer, it hangs down in curtains, until eventually it is long enough to be plaited into the pigtail, and order is once more restored.

“Antiseptic treatment” is a great puzzle to the Assistant. *Why* can't he plunge a grubby finger into the hot water, to see if it is the right temperature ? *Why* can't he grasp the other end of the lint, while it is being cut to the right size ? But he will learn in time.

Anyhow, he is miles in front of some of his fellow-countrymen, who have bought soap at the dispensary, and came back saying, “Doctor Clift's soap was wonderful—it had such a scent ! *Why* ! they called it the Seven Days' Scent, because they need only wash once a week, for the scent lasts all that time” !

Sometimes we are very much bothered with patients, who want a full and minute description of what is the matter with them, and what will be the effect of each separate ingredient of the medicine. A mother, whose daughter is being treated for malaria, was greatly grieved that H. did not use the stethoscope. She had heard that he used it when he went to see the Governor—*why* did he not use it on her daughter ?

I spent most of my morning with the good lady ; but I fear she went away only half-convinced. It was cheering to have a grateful patient march in this morning to “see the doctor” and then ask, “Now, could he hear the Doctrine ?” I am writing out in the garden this afternoon, waiting for the sun to go down, so that H. and I can have our daily walk on the city wall. Three minutes' walk, and a little climb up some stone steps, takes us on to the top of the wall, which is covered with grass and quite as broad as a Chinese street. The view from the top is splendid. Beyond the city, on the east side, there is a range of mountains

which reminds me of Skiddaw. The outline is a relief after these lumpy hills, which stand round about the city and are such grotesque shapes and sizes. My "Skiddaw" has a really beautiful outline, and in the blue distance, or with the sunset glow on him, he warms my heart—he looks so Keswick-like !

ON THE WAY TO WUCHOW.

ON THE CASSIA RIVER.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1906.

A SILVERY-GREY river, green banks, brown huts and blue mountains—a deafening squeak from the oars, a quaint, monotonous boatman's song—

Ai—Ai Ya—ai—
On—a—lak—a—nei—a—

a man washing his hair (that's H.) and a woman writing (that's me!). H. is washing his hair in preparation for having his head shaved and his pigtail put on, at Ping-Loh. . . . My dears! the deed is done, and Harry is sitting there—transformed! I *wonder* if you would recognize him. At present he finds it rather difficult to keep tidy, as the hair at the top of his head is not very long, but that will be remedied by and bye. The little Chinese barber was very much astonished at all our things lying about in the houseboat. "So many things," he said. "What are you going to do with them all? Are you going to sell them?"—rather a blow to my pride, when I consider that I have learned to travel with a minimum of baggage.

It's very funny what a sore point Chinese dress is even among missionaries. Those who don't wear it, always seem to have an irresistible desire to attack those who do. The more I know the Chinese, the more I see what a good

thing it is to dress as they do. The women *do* like to see me in Chinese clothes. They go to the American missionaries and say—

“ Why don’t you wear Chinese clothes like Ki Seni ? ”

I am sitting at the open door of our little houseboat, looking down the river. The colours are very soft and beautiful this afternoon, and the water looks still and clear. Two or three boats are toiling up the river, and seem to watch us enviously as we glide past. We are very comfortable, though this is a smaller boat than the one we went up in ; but that boat was so full of our luggage. I have my little oil stove in one corner ; it has been waiting five years to come into use, and now I don’t know what I should do without it. Such a savoury little lunch I made on it !—

Curry—an excellent one !

Gooseberries, done in the oven, after mother’s plan.

Ceylon cocoa.

We let our boy, “ Chen Fen,” cook us a meal to-day—rice and chicken, which we ate with chopsticks. The chicken is cooked Chinese fashion, with ginger, and is very good. This boat life is a real rest—nothing to do but eat and sleep and rest and read. We should like some good long walks on the bank, but that is not possible going down stream. We should never catch our boat up again. It has been raining all day, but mists only make the mountains look more beautiful and Cumberlandlike—Scotch, H. says, and certainly you could *quite* imagine yourself on a Scotch lake, sometimes, with bleak mountains round about, and windswept clumps of fir-trees here and there. Then perhaps a little way down we pass by hills covered with great feathery bamboos and tropical-looking vegetation.

We stopped at a little town yesterday, and a Chinese Customs man came on board, but the boat people had

hidden a lot of rice under the floor of our cabin, " to keep it dry " they said, and it was not discovered, though it is peeping through the cracks, making our little room look as if there had been a wedding here !

WUCHOW.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12.

WE arrived here in Wuchow on Saturday afternoon, having made a very fast journey, as we had a good wind with us, and the river was fairly high. The American Alliance missionaries have a fine large home on the top of a steep hill, and they are very good in taking us in, at a most moderate charge for board. They are kindness itself and doing all they can to give us a good quiet holiday. Our big bedroom overlooks the river, and the mountains in the west, where there is a glorious glow at sunset. Coming *down* the river we seem somehow to catch up time, for the journey *up* takes a fortnight, so we found a magnificent accumulation of letters and papers waiting for us. It was a real feast! FOUR weeks' mail! You can just imagine how I devoured it. I felt as if I had been home by the time I had read my sixteen letters. And we are immensely enjoying the magazines and papers during these lazy days.

The Principal of the Kuei Lin college is a man who has read Spencer and has the deepest admiration for him, puts him before the Bible in fact, and likes to talk about his "wonderful teaching."

It is dreadfully sad if China is waking up to be led off in a wrong direction, and if the thousands of new students are to be reached, it must be now or never. I feel jealous for China, I cannot understand people saying they

feel a repulsion for the Chinese, and cannot love them. The more we see of them the more we are bound to admire them, though of course they are just as full of faults as any other heathen nation, and I think, too, they lack the romantic element you find in India.

They haven't got soft, liquid, dark eyes, and the picturesque dress, but there is a GRIP about them—I don't know what other word to use—which *tells*, when they are turned “from darkness to light and the power of Satan to God, to receive forgiveness and sanctification by faith.”

I have just been out on the verandah to look at the sunset. We look right down on the city from this hill, and can see the masses of boats, packed together so closely that you can walk from one to the other as if you were on solid ground. Every boat has its family, generally three generations, living on it, and you can imagine what an awful tragedy it was last year when fire broke out amongst them, and more than 800 people lost their lives. Mrs. Allward, one of the missionaries, said that they stood on the hill, sobbing, as they watched one boat after another go down, and heard the cries of the people. One large junk made a desperate effort to escape, and was getting away safely, when the men lost their heads, and put up a sail of Chinese matting. The sail caught fire, and in five minutes the boat was ablaze. They saw seven men jump into the water, but not one of them rose again. Mr. Hess, the head of this house, went down and saved many lives by cutting the boat ropes and enabling the boats to drift away. The people themselves were so panic-stricken that they rowed madly about, often right into the midst of the danger, and here and there were pirate-boats reaping a harvest, stealing everything they could, only to be burnt up themselves the next minute. It was an awful time.

WUCHOW.

SEPTEMBER 17, 1906.

LIKE Mrs. Gummidge, I am "lone and lorn" at present, as H. has gone off to Nanning "prospecting." There is every likelihood that before long the greater part of the population of Kuei Lin may drift to Nanning, as Kuei Lin is only an important city because it is the capital of the province. And even now there is a petition before the Emperor that that capital should be moved to the far more convenient and central city of Nanning. When this comes to pass, if it does, all the big shopkeepers and the majority of the officials will go, and if the city goes we feel we may have to go with it! Anyhow we felt it would be right for H. to go up the river and see what sort of a city it is. When the river is high enough there is a steamer which can go all the way from Wuchow to Nanning, so that I am hoping very much that it may be so this time, and then H. will not have to change into a slow little native boat when he gets to Kuaiün.

So we packed him up and he went off on Saturday.

There is another missionary staying here who wears Chinese dress, and he advised us to secure a Hunanese barber to arrange H.'s queue, with the result that he managed to plait it on to H.'s own hair (which is fairly long now), and it hangs beautifully, and looks as natural as if he had worn it like that all his life!

He took fresh bread with him, and tea, cocoa and some

tinned things, and a good lot of ripe fruit, and for the rest he will eat Chinese food. It is a good thing he likes rice so much, for whatever else you can't get, you can always get well-cooked rice in China.

He went on board the river steamer at two o'clock, but the boat was delayed, so after dinner, as it was still in the "harbour," a party of us went down with some other missionaries, who had just arrived from Hong-Kong, and were going by the same steamer, so I had a second good-bye, and saw H.'s tiny cabin, which was bakingly hot! He looked rather dull and lonely, so I was very glad he was going to have these English-speaking fellow-travellers part of the way at least, and he has our "boy" with him, to do all the "pidgin."

So we said good-bye once more and left them—the boat by now had decided not to start until dawn the next day. It was quite dark as we rowed back, except for the boat-lights, and it gave me a weird feeling as we passed right under the shadow of the very steamer on which Dr. MacDonald was murdered a few weeks ago. The saloon where they were sitting when the pirates rushed in was all lighted up, and it did make one shudder to think of that poor engineer nearly burnt to death as he crouched behind the boilers, hiding from his pursuers.

I don't know if your South China geography is very clear, but if you look at the map, you will understand. The pirated boat—the *Sainam*—runs between Canton and Wuchow, while the boat H. is on now runs between Wuchow and Nanning.

Our windows look right down on the large compound which Dr. MacDonald planned and built, and where we saw him a few months ago. His grave is on this hill. Mrs. MacDonald's heart is in China, and her great longing was that when her eldest boy, who is at school in

Edinburgh, heard the news he might not feel resentment against the Chinese. His uncle received the news by telegram, and went to meet the boy on his way from school.

He was silent for a while after he heard it, and then just said quietly—"It makes me feel all the more that I must go back to China when I am a man."

So Mrs. MacDonald's great hope is that she will some day return to Wuchow with both her boys to carry on her husband's work. I am having such a good time here; the missionaries in the Home are splendid, and it is a great help to be with them and "compare notes" about the work. Some of them are very American in their speech, and very amusing. Last night Mr. Monroe, from Kowloon, was speaking of a man he knows, who is a great mimic. This man went out fishing one day (this was in America), and as the sun was very hot he stood under a high bank, which hid him from sight. By and bye he heard a coach come rumbling along, and one of the passengers called out—

"My! This otter be a fine place fr'an echo!" So the coach stopped and a man called out "Halloo!" and the man under the bank called "Halloo!" "Now, isn't that just fine!" said a woman. "Let me try!" and the "echo" with a mighty effort echoed the squeaky treble. And so they went on for a long time until some one said, "We must be getting on. We will just have one more call." So he shouted, "Where are you?"

"SETTIN' UNDER THE BANK!" said the American echo!

WUCHOW.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1906.

I THINK a holiday is a most demoralizing thing! I had planned to do a hundred and one things here—letter-writing, reading and some study, but I find the day is gone before I have made up my mind which I will do first. It has been very hot again the last few days, so that is some excuse. I am still lone and lorn; the steamer could not take H. up to Nanning—the river was too low, so he must have gone on by native boat from Kuaiün, which means he will be longer in getting back to Wuchow. I have had two letters from him, posted on the way. The little steamer seemed marvellously quick after the slow, slow progress of our houseboats up the Cassia River. He says—

“ We are steaming along at a fine rate, and it seems very strange to be passing the scenery so quickly. We left Wuchow about five this morning. We are very much *en famille*, and the family has taken possession. While writing, a very stout (Chinese) gentleman, I find, is leaning over the table watching, clothed only in a pair of trousers—I hear he is an official. The Fees have hospitably invited me to share their meals. The scenery is very pretty, but it is never as fine as the beautiful bits on the Cassia River, and we pass a number of mud banks. The children and I are great friends, and sometimes I get a hug, and once a confidence from one of the little girls—‘ I’m wearing my night suit, you see, because my shirt is damp.’ ” In the next he

says—"I am writing this in the ridiculous little saloon, which is largely taken possession of by Chinese young men. They are a pleasant set, mostly Mandarin-speaking. One, who wears spectacles, plays Japanese and Sankey tunes on a melodeon. He is much perturbed about some spot on his face, which he is constantly examining in a small hand-glass, and bathing with water and applying carbolic lotion. He ascribes it to the hot sun here, compared with cool Kiang Su. He asked my advice and I suggested sulphur : result—profuse thanks. I wish I had a stock of tracts. One of the men asked me, 'How much money?' as he carefully adjusted my hat on his head!

"It is grand to see how this boat gaily and without any apparent effort masters the rapids. It is very comfortable and the breeze is very strong, travelling as we are at ten miles an hour. I have my Chinese meals in my cabin—on the tin box (my hat box ! W.)—they have largely consisted so far of rice and fried eggs."

So while H. is sailing up the West River, eating fried eggs and rice, I am sitting here, resting and enjoying all the papers mother is *so good* in sending. I see the others look at me with such a wistful look sometimes when my precious letters come, and my papers. One missionary from the coast said, "Oh, if only my mother would write to me. I have not had a letter from her for three years!" She was angry with her daughter for coming to China. Then this morning at prayers, another missionary asked prayer for her father-in-law, who has never written to his son, since he came to China, though the son writes constantly to him.

The Keswick reports are just beginning to come in the *Life of Faith*, and I am looking forward to having MY Keswick now.

Since I finished my journal on Saturday, such startling news has come from Hong Kong, that I must add another

page. Mr. Monroe and Mr. Hughes went down on Saturday afternoon to a steamer which had just come in, to meet some missionaries who are expected. They had not come, but the two men stayed to talk to the Captain, and heard from him that there has been a most awful typhoon in Hong Kong. It came on Tuesday morning with not half an hour's warning! As a rule there is warning given from the Observatory hours before the storm can reach Hong Kong, and the junks and sampans go into a sheltered place specially built for them. But they had not time to get to a place of safety before the most terrible storm Hong Kong has known was upon them. Vessels were dashed against each other, or came crashing into the wharf, where brave men were standing, ready to snatch any they could get hold of. The spray from the waves rose as high as the huge buildings on Hong Kong sea front. Out of the 4,000 craft of all description in the harbour, fully half of them were either sunk or badly damaged.

They say the loss of life was as great, and probably greater, than that at San Francisco. Women and children were screaming and tearing their hair on the shore as they watched their boats—their only home—with fathers and husbands and all their worldly possessions sinking before their eyes.

One great steamer was lifted bodily by the waves and deposited on the shore high above! In the streets several rickshaws were lying on their sides, simply abandoned by the terrified coolies. Numbers of beautiful trees were snapped in pieces or torn up by the roots. This was what we heard through the Captain, but at night our China Mail arrived, and the first thing I saw when I opened it was—Bishop Hoare drowned. I can't tell you what a dreadful shock it was. It seems impossible to believe it.

The Bishop left home on Friday with three Christian Chinese students on a preaching tour in the New Territory.

Only a little while ago his daughter wrote to me, full of delight because her father had purchased a houseboat—the *Pioneer*, and was going to use it for mission work in the New Territory, and they were to have excursions on it at other times. On Tuesday morning he left Castle Peak with his students, and came suddenly into the midst of the typhoon. Two of the sailors clung to the cabin top, but the Bishop and the rest clung to the hull, and were never seen again, except one student whose body was washed ashore. There is a report that a fisherman saw the Bishop floating on the mast to which he lashed himself, but seeing he was already dead, the fisherman let the body float away. As soon as they could they sent a steam launch out from Hong Kong with Mrs. Hoare and others on board, but all they found was part of the broken boat lying up on the shore, and Mrs. Hoare came across the Bishop's Bible, washed ashore and lying open there at the twenty-third Psalm. The first words that caught her eye were verse 4: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

It seemed as if God had brought her there to give her that message of comfort.

All we felt of the typhoon up here was a tremendous gale of wind, which swayed the very house. The whole storm was over in two hours, and they say the wharf and shore at Hong Kong looked like a battle-field!

Vessels coming in later in the day could not imagine what had happened. Outside they had had perfectly fine weather.

WUCHOW.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1906.

THIS week Mrs. Farmer and I have been busy in the kitchen, where she has been teaching me to make a most successful jam out of these hard Chinese pears which we can get here. It is very good indeed, as good as anything you can make at home. Then we experimented with kuas (which are something like vegetable-marrows) and fresh Chinese ginger, and made a preserve, rather like ginger marmalade.

We put them up in little Chinese earthenware jars, and I assure you they look most professional! They have a grand kitchen here, with a real American cooking stove, a very different thing from our smoky, grimy up-country kitchens, with their native open woodfires; but after all it is wonderful what a native can cook on them; to say nothing of bread and cakes baked in a tin pail with charcoal round it.

The papers from Hong Kong are still full of the terrible typhoon; they say at least 4,000 lives were lost in Hong Kong alone, not counting a whole fishing fleet which went down outside the harbour. I had a letter from Bishop's Lodge, where Mrs. Hoare and the children are staying, and they say that the search for the Bishop's body is still being continued, though they fear it is almost hopeless now. Mrs. Hoare and the children leave for England next month. It has been a terrible time for them, the uncertainty and suspense of the first few days were awful.

To add to the horrors in Hong Kong there is a great danger of plague breaking out, because of all the decaying refuse which the Sanitary Board have no time to clear away. They hardly know what to do. The Chinese coolies absolutely refuse to help in the work of finding the dead bodies and burying them, even though they have been offered 4 dollars a day (8s.)—an enormous sum to a coolie. The bodies are placed in coffins, photographed and buried at once, and friends have to identify them from the photographs. A few nights ago an American gunboat arrived here, and some of the men came in to supper. They had passed right through the storm, being in the harbour at the time, yet were undamaged, but they said it was an awful time.

WUCHOW.

OCTOBER 6.

DURING the last few weeks we have been taking a rest here on this cool hill-top in Wuchow. At least I have done most of the resting, while my husband has been up the West River "prospecting."

Just lately there has been a petition presented to the Emperor of China, that the capital of this province may be moved from Kuei Lin to another city—Nanning! They argue with reason that Kuei Lin is away in a corner of the province, only to be reached by a slow, dangerous journey, and that Nanning will be far more central.

The removal is, we believe, bound to come, sooner or later, and this being so, we have decided, after much prayer and thought, to make Nanning our headquarters, and, God willing, to build our home and hospital there, itinerating from that centre by means of a houseboat, with a little dispensary on board! I am telling you our *hopes*—we do not expect to be able to do all these things at once, but gradually, as Our Father gives us the means. We hope also that the work begun at Kuei Lin will have made the way easier for a C.M.S. medical missionary, when the Society sends one there.

My husband started for Nanning on a steamer, which took him as far as it could go, but the water was very low, and he had to accomplish the rest of his journey in a little native boat. I cannot tell you how thankful I was when he

arrived back in safety, for during his absence there were two terrific storms of wind, which shook even this big house, and the rain came down in torrents. Twice he told us they were very near to death—the little boat was simply caught by the wind and driven along, to be finally dashed into the bank. Thank God it was into a sandbank and not into the rocks, which border the river a little higher up. The dinner was just prepared, but clouds of sand filled the boat, smothered the food, and almost choked them !

Just two days before H. had sent me this verse from his morning portion—"The voice of the Lord commandeth the waters." After the storm the water rose rapidly and the current was fearfully strong. It caught the boat and twisted it round so that the water was pouring in, and for a few moments it seemed as if it would be impossible to right it. They passed many wrecks on the river, and the Chinese captain exclaimed : "We must thank the Heavenly Father that He has saved us." The man himself is a heathen, but he evidently felt that it was the power of God which had protected them through the storm.

The journey to Nanning takes four days when the river is high and the little river steamer can make its passage, but three weeks (!) when the river is low and one has to rely on native boats only.

* * * * *

I know I need not tell you how much we need your prayers in this step which we are taking, that we may be enabled to find a suitable house, and that we may be given a good teacher, a Christian man, to preach to the men patients and a Bible-woman to work with me among the women. I cannot tell you *how* necessary these workers are. According to Chinese custom, a lady can never be seen in the streets alone, so I cannot get into the homes until I have a woman to go with me and help me. Then there are so many questions which

the people ask that only a Chinese mind can understand and answer satisfactorily. In fact a Biblewoman is absolutely essential, so please pray earnestly that God will send me a Spirit-filled woman. A Biblewoman costs £6 a year ; I am telling you this in case any of those who are so kindly helping us would like their contributions to go towards her support, and would promise to specially remember her in prayer.

ON THE CASSIA RIVER, KWANG-SI,

OCTOBER 17, 1906.

IF you could only see the difficulties under which I am making what I consider an heroic attempt at typing ! Seated in a little well between the raised floor where we spread our mattresses at night and the other raised floor, where I keep my box of stores and our books, etc. This well is the only place in the boat where one can stand upright ! I have put a board across, which makes a fine little table, and really I am beginning to think my attempt is not so heroic after all—if only the wind will leave off playing pranks with my papers.

This is without exception the most cramped boat we have travelled in as yet, and is heavily laden with a ton of coals, to say nothing of a hundred catties of potatoes we are bringing up for the Childs. However, I find, as the schoolboy said, that “ *Experientia does it,*” and each journey I discover some new idea for economizing space, and making things more comfortable. And the beautiful Cassia is more beautiful than ever, the water is so clear and blue and the trees so fresh and green. The little discomforts of boat life count for nothing.

We are always thinking how you would enjoy it—if only you were here ! Our American friends gave us a good send-off. Mrs. Farmer made us a grand cake, covered with chocolate icing, and tucked two bottles of spiced fruit into the bread box ; Mrs. Jaffray gave us a fine little jarful of

crab-apple jelly, made from Chinese apples. They are so good and kind to us. We have thoroughly enjoyed our holiday with them. Our crew seems mostly composed of decrepit old men, and our hearts were certainly in our mouths this morning when we stuck in the very middle of a rapid and the poor yelling, perspiring creatures couldn't make the old boat budge an inch! Finally we had to go back and attack the enemy from another point. That meant that we fell behind the other boats, which have been travelling with us the last few days—they must have got far ahead of us. One was a kind of Noah's Ark passenger boat, and one a Chinese guard boat. The men like to anchor near a guard boat at night for protection, though I think the idea that they really are any protection is a pretty little fiction—they often have not an ounce of gunpowder on board, in spite of the solemn old cannon that sits menacingly in front. The Chinese think there is a great deal in a name!

Last year when Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray of the Alliance were coming up to Kuei Lin, the officials insisted on sending a soldier with them, as a protection. I think it was the time of the boycott of American goods, and Americans were not in much favour with the people. Anyhow, the soldier came—his armour and outfit consisting of a fan, an umbrella, and a wash-rag. Mr. Jaffray mildly inquired what he would do if they were attacked. "Oh!" said the valiant warrior soothingly. "You needn't fear! I will protect you." "But what would fight you with? Your fan?"

"Oh! it is all right. It is all right, you leave it to me. I will take care of you."

My peace was broken by the captain's wife coming in to bale—a process which has to be gone through at far too frequent intervals. The water seems to pour in, and whenever we have just settled down, a smiling face appears at the

door with a request that we will move, so that the floorboards may be taken up and the water baled out. We are just going over still another rapid. Two men are poling, crawling on the "cat-walk" outside, while the other four are painfully making their way over a stony beach, bending double in their efforts to pull against the current, with a slender rope, such as one would use to do a parcel up with in England. I am perfectly certain it is God's protecting care that preserves us on this river. The Alliance missionaries always make it a rule to remember in prayer those on the rivers travelling, and it is a real comfort to know that they are praying for us. I don't mind the rapids this time so much as I did at first, but I can understand Mrs. Byrde feeling that after being wrecked *twice* on the Cassia she couldn't face it again!

KUEI LIN

NOVEMBER 3, 1906.

WE reached Kuei Lin just before sunset on Saturday evening, but the river was so low that our boat was stuck some way from the city, behind a whole row of other boats, so we got off and walked here. It all looked so familiar. We climbed on to the wall and walked two miles along it until we came to the north of the city. The sunset was beautiful and the moon had risen, and even the dirty fishponds with the balconied houses beside them, looked picturesque. We found we were not the only new arrivals. Mr. Parker, the C.M.S. worker from Yung Chow, an outstation of Kuei Lin five days' journey away, had arrived in the morning. He came down to take his language, and has passed well.

H. was naughty enough to develop a sore throat as soon as we got here, and was in bed for a day or two. I think it was those wretched sacks of coal, which weighed down the boat and got simply soaked with water. The odour and the dampness rising from them must have been very unhealthy, especially when you think that we were sleeping right over them. However, he is nearly all right again now, and we are busy at our old familiar game of packing. I feel like singing that old refrain (with a little variation)—

There'll be no packing,
There'll be no packing,
There'll be no packing there.

It *is* wearisome work—but I do find that I don't mind "changes" half so much as I used to.

The Chinese gave us a very warm welcome back, and several old patients turned up immediately for treatment. One little boy, who has a most extraordinary growth in his cheek arising from a tooth, and has not been able to open his mouth more than a fraction of an inch for two years, came with great pride to show us that he could open his mouth wide enough to get the tooth forceps in at last. The lady who wanted H. to listen to the malarial parasites squeaking in her daughter's veins, came full of gratitude to say that her daughter was wonderfully well and could eat three bowls of rice at a sitting. They measure their illnesses by the bowls of rice they can eat, and when it comes to only a tea-cupful, things are very serious indeed! This lady is going to show her gratitude by presenting me with a Chinese head-dress such as the women wear in cold weather—a more hideous thing it is hard to imagine, but I shall value it all the same.

Our teacher, Mr. Wu, has been baptised, and wants to get married, but as there is not a single Christian girl here for him to marry, he has done the next best thing, and chosen a nice little woman who is willing to come here and be taught the Doctrine. Then if she seems satisfactory they will be formally engaged. I like her very much, she has a sweet gentle face and a winning way. I believe Mr. Wu is really in love. Don't forget that our address now is—

Nanning,

S. China,

via Hong Kong and Wuchow.

ON THE CASSIA RIVER, KWANG-SI, CHINA,

NOVEMBER 12, 1906.

ONCE more we are on the Cassia River, but this time with our backs to Kuei Lin, and our faces toward Nanning.

It did not take us long to put our possessions together in Kuei Lin, and say good-bye to friends and patients. We have "packed up" so many times that I think we have learned to do it quickly. Another lesson I am learning in China is to do without unnecessary things. Some one has said—

"To have the things we want is wealth; to be able to do without things is power!"—it certainly is a saving of time and strength in this land! for if ever there was a country where "moth and rust do corrupt," that country is The Middle Kingdom."

We were very much touched by the little parting gifts which were bestowed upon us before we left. Do you remember my telling you about a boy with a big growth in his cheek, who had not been able to open his mouth more than a fraction of an inch for two years? At last the treatment has succeeded, and the little lad came back, stood before us *beaming*, and opened his mouth just as wide as ever it would go!

"Now you can pull his tooth out!" said the old lady, who brought him triumphantly. So the bad teeth came out amid great rejoicings—and the old lady brought an

embroidered spectacle-case for H., and a pair of gay slippers for me, as well as a duck and a chicken, tied together by the legs, and squealing protestingly.

“It is a present for Seni and the Sin-shang,” she said, and so pleased was she with her own generosity, that she thought she was quite entitled to ask for a little return—

“Will the Seni perhaps give me a little milk—it would do my cough good, I think”—and she trotted away cheerfully with two tins of Swiss milk, almost the only foreign food these people will eat.

Another farewell gift was from Mrs. Yang, the lady whose daughter has been cured of fever. The daughter has been ill for months, and they had tried many remedies, and consulted many Chinese doctors, before venturing to come to the foreigner. But the fear that she was in consumption made them desperate, and they came again and again for medicine. I think you will know the case I mean—I have mentioned her before. She is really well now and her mother is most grateful; I felt ashamed that I had sometimes been inclined to be impatient with the old dear! She would come when I was in the very middle of my lesson, and would stay *such* a long time discussing her daughter's symptoms. But I think she had begun to feel really interested in the Gospel. She can read characters, and has listened so interestedly to all I could tell her. I wanted to give her a present of a Testament, but she very politely and very firmly refused it—

“Thank you very much,” she said, “but I have so many little children at home to care for that I should not have time to read it”—I am quite sure that was not the *real* reason. Either she was afraid her husband would be angry, or she has a superstitious fear still of the foreigners' Holy Book. She came back the next day, and brought the daintiest, gayest pair of embroidered slippers for me,

and inside, written in red Chinese characters—"May your happiness be as great as the Eastern Sea."

As she feared to accept the Testament, I gave her a return present of a little bottle of scent and a cake of scented soap. They love to have our foreign soap, and a tiny bottle of scent is a great treasure. It doesn't matter if the scent is not of the best quality.

There is one more gift I must tell you about. The Catechist, Mr. Song, presented my husband with a fine crimson cloth, and on it, in black velvet characters, a Chinese sentence, expressing his gratitude for all the good our medicine has done his family.

That is a very valuable present to us—the Chinese think a great deal of these "complimentary scrolls," and the sight of it hanging up in the consulting-room will help to increase their confidence.

The day before we left Kuei Lin, H. paid his last visit to the Governor. The Governor did him a great honour, and invited him to a grand semi-foreign meal—and this in spite of the fact that he has just been promoted to be a member of the Privy Council at Peking, and was that very day receiving streams of visitors, friends and officials, all eager to congratulate him. The great man had been suffering from bad toothache, and Mr. Li, one of the many "hangers-on" at the Yamen, trying to curry favour and obtain an official post and large salary, came to ask if the doctor could pull it out painlessly. The Governor is not strong enough to be given an anæsthetic, and it was an anxious moment! Mr. Li stood by, trembling with anxiety. If the extraction caused great pain, the Governor would vent his anger on the unfortunate Mr. Li, and who knows what the consequences might be? Perhaps then the plum for which he has been waiting so long would never fall into his mouth!

“ You will be very careful, won’t you, Dottar Cleef ? First will you CUT THE TENDONS ? ” (! !) In spite of his fears the tooth came out beautifully, and the Governor was charmed.

The next day we started on our journey down the river. We decided not to take a servant, but to wait on ourselves, and to engage a cook when we get to Wuchow. It is certainly rather arduous work, cooking and washing up in this small space, but we manage fairly well, and my little oil cooking-stove does wonders. You would be amused if you could see us—I wash up and H. dries. He sits in a chair (if he stands up he knocks his head against the roof) and solemnly and slowly rubs the “ family plates ” and spoons as carefully as if they were his own valuable surgical instruments !

The time that is left between these domestic duties we devote to language study, reading and writing. . . . Just here I have had a little interruption. The sailors were much amused to see me writing these strange English words, and asked if I could write Chinese too. I said, “ A little.” So they brought me their big grass hats, with their names written inside, and asked if I could read the characters. I made a dash for some sheet tracts, which I had in my box—and now one man has taken one and is reading it aloud to the rest. The rowing is suffering in consequence, but that doesn’t matter, if they take in the message of the little paper—“ The True Good News of the Forgiveness of Sins.”

WUCHOW,

NOVEMBER 23.

OUR journey to Wuchow has at last come to an end. It sometimes seemed as if we should never get here. The river was so low that the boat had literally to be *pushed* over some of the shallows.

You can't imagine the delight of being in a clean, comfortable house after a fortnight of river travelling. It is just wonderful how many good friends God has given us in China. We are staying for a few days at the Wesleyan Mission Hospital. When we got here we found that our friends were quite anxious about us, and feared we must have had some accident, as we were such a long time coming. They had a delightful room all ready for us, and are most kind in storing our furniture, and helping us to find a good servant, etc.

Our hearts are full of praise. Your prayers are being abundantly answered. Will you ask great things for us in Nanning?

There are many, many difficulties in opening a new work, but—

“If God be for us, who can be against us?” As Mr. Bowen said in speaking of this verse—

“The Christian, then, is ONE WHO IS BOUND TO SUCCEED.”

WUCHOW,

DECEMBER 4, 1906.

WE have "come" and H. has "gone," and left me once more behind in Wuchow—at least he is very nearly gone. He is at this moment seated on a native boat which is to be towed by a sort of toy steam launch up to Nanning. The boat only draws one foot of water, so in spite of the very low water they will be able to go up all the way.

I am afraid it will be very uncomfortable, travelling with the Chinese all round him, and eating native food, but he has a supply of stores—sardines, tea, bread, etc.—to supplement the Chinese rice and "sung."

This is how it came about that he has gone on first. When we got here the Andersons begged us to reconsider our plans, and not to go straight up to Nanning with all our goods and chattels until we had a settled place, and a roof to cover our heads, and it really seemed as if I should be more hindrance than help if I persisted in going, because H. would have to hire a boat and leave me in it all day long, alone with a servant, while he was out looking for a house to rent, etc. Then, too, Mr. and Mrs. Landis *may* offer to find a corner for him in their little house, or he may put up in their preaching-hall, and make shift there until he rents a place, and he couldn't possibly do that if I went too. So though I held out for a long time, I yielded at last, and I am left behind to study patience and Chinese.

But I couldn't be in a more delightful home. Mrs. Anderson, a dear little French lady, is just the essence of kindness, and so anxious to do all in her power to keep me from feeling lonely, and Mr. Anderson has been so kind in helping H. to find a good servant and to get off as comfortably as possible. He has let him take one of the men who has been a colporteur here—a Christian man, and a good clear speaker. It will be invaluable to H. to have a man like that to be the go-between in getting a house and arranging terms.

So here I am, comfortably seated in this nice room, with my own writing-desk put up in one corner, my typer in a cosy corner on a table, two curtains that Hilda sent from India adorning the front of the cupboards, and my home photographs on a shelf in front of me.

They are going to let me have one of the elder school-girls to read with, so I shall not feel that my time is wasted.

I don't like to think what a lot of Saturdays have passed lately without seeing my journal letter ready for the post, but all this packing and travelling make writing difficult. We were a whole fortnight getting to Wuchow, because the water was so low, and the Andersons were getting dreadfully anxious about us. They had such a shock when Dr. MacDonald was killed that it has made them rather nervous when people don't turn up at the right time. But we had had no adventures. One day we heard that there had been a piracy a little lower down and two Chinese killed, and the boat people got nervous. At night time the captainess came into our cabin and asked us to be sure and shut all our windows when we went to bed. But no robbers appeared, and we slept perfectly peacefully. When our boat came round the corner from the Cassia River into the West River and began to draw in to the banks just below the hospital, Mr. Anderson caught sight of us, and called his

wife and Dr. Smith, so that by the time we had reached the bank there was quite a little crowd of people waiting to welcome us.

We soon made friends with the baby girl, sixteen months old—a real little Chinese lady! At least one would think so to hear her talk. Her mother is French, her father is English, and her nurse is Chinese, and the consequence is that her language is a charming mixture of all three languages, but two-thirds of her words are Chinese.

H. she calls Ah Pak (Uncle), but I am “Auntie.” A cat is a mao, and a dog is a kao, both Chinese words. Occasionally she shakes her tiny head in a most bewitching way, and says “Non, non” exactly like her mother, and she will say “Plait, plait,” the baby-French for please. No wonder the Chinese nearly worship her. She greets them all by name, and makes a proper Chinese bow when visitors come.

Forgive a stupid letter—I have had so many interruptions, but I will try to write more sense next time!

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1906.

YESTERDAY brought me the promised telegram to say that H. had arrived safely in Nanning. I *was* glad to know that the uncomfortable journey was over in twelve days, in spite of the fact that the river is lower than it has been for twelve years at this time of year !

It was before breakfast yesterday morning that the " boy " knocked at my door and handed in the quaint-looking Chinese envelope. Inside were the words (in character)—

SAI I UEN NING PENG ON KI,

which being interpreted is—

" To the Western Healing Hall, arrived Nanning peace, Clift." One *can* even telegraph in English in inland China, but to use Chinese is the cheaper and therefore the more missionary way !

I have had three letters from him, one written by candle-light on the top of his provision basket. He says—

" We are seven—packed like sardines in a box 12 x 8 x 3, to say nothing of stacks of luggage. The other gentlemen are all right, but two are constantly smoking opium, and one has asked me for a cure. I have had other applications for medicine, but as I cannot get to my things I refer them to Nanning. The Chinese almanacs have been looked at a good deal, and Shau Wan is asked many questions (Shau Wan is his Christian servant). . . . I have just taken a walk in this most uninviting town—Kong How—accompanied by one of the opium smokers.

“ Shau Wan has many discussions with these men, but the ‘ Wa ’ of some of them I can’t understand. One of them gravely puts on a pair of smoked glasses as soon as the sun has set !

“ We go very slowly—about 33 miles a day—and on the rapids have sometimes to be poled. On one difficult rapid the launch could scarcely manage by itself, while we were pulled ! ”

He is eating Chinese food, with the addition of plenty of eggs boiled in the hot water, which the boat people are willing to supply at any time. But the sickening opium fumes didn’t improve his appetite, and gave him a horrible headache, and you wouldn’t wonder, if you had the pleasure of sitting for a few hours in a tiny room with two men smoking !

I think the rains *must* come in a few weeks, and then the river will rise in time for us to take our belongings up in the *Wo Fung*, a nice little river steamer. Meanwhile I am praying daily that H. may be able to find some little house, in a healthy corner of the town, where we can take up our abode, for the present, until we are able to build.

Life is really very interesting, isn’t it ? I used to *hate* changes, but now I am beginning to see that every new experience is *worth while*.

I am filling up my time here with varied occupations. The morning begins when a huge gong is beaten outside the Chinese quarters, to arouse the workpeople.

Then by and bye a tiny, shrill voice outside my door calls “ Auntie,” and there is Baby Poupée with her Chinese nurse and the tea tray.

The regular order of things is for Poupée to sit on my knee and demand to be shown the “ mao ” in the Children’s Classic—*Little Black Sambo*—the “ mao ” being Chinese for “ cat,” and the tigers being supposed to be all domestic

pets. Before breakfast, when my new niece has been carried off by her Amah, I set to work and do some Mandarin study.

After breakfast I do Cantonese and write, and then in the afternoon my little teacher, one of the schoolgirls, comes up to read with me. She is a stern critic, and not a wrong tone or badly pronounced word is allowed to pass unnoticed. When the reading is finished we sit by my window, which looks down on to a pathway leading from Wuchow to the village, and which is thronged with people from morning to night.

It makes a fine topic of conversation, and sometimes "Peace's" remarks are most amusing!

"That man comes from a long way away," she said one day.

"How do you know that?" I asked. "He is just like all the other men."

"Oh, but he has bought such a big piece of pork. He wants it to last a long time, because he has so far to come to buy more!"

"That is a bride going back to visit her mother. That is a man going to buy food, and he doesn't want to pay, so he is going to have the sum he owes written down in the book he is carrying. Those are the boys from school going out to drill. . . ." And so she chatters on, and I add more words to my vocabulary for future use.

This morning Mrs. Anderson and I have been drilling the boys' and girls' schools to sing "Hark, the herald angels." It sounds funny in Chinese, but they sing quite well. It will be really Christmas-like here on Christmas Day. The children are to have a tree, and a good time. Only last Christmas we were having such a lovely time at Copse Hill, and singing Christmas carols!

“ THESE LITTLE ONES ”

“ SENI ! ”

“ E So, is that you ? Come in and sit down.”

The Chinese woman came in, and held out cold hands toward the glowing wood-fire.

“ Did you want to speak to me about something ? ”

“ No, Seni, I heard you were not well, and I came to ask how you are.”

“ Only tired,” said the missionary ; “ Christmas has been such a busy time, and it means a lot of work to try to make every one happy. Were the children pleased ? ”

“ They were very happy, and so pleased with their toys Oh ! Seni, it is *hard* to bring up children in China,” burst forth the impetuous little woman. “ I think I should tell you. Some of the little, little children in the compound talk of such vile things to one another that I can’t even repeat what they say. Babies !—only so high ! They say— ” she flushed and drew back. “ No, even I do not dare to repeat to you. It’s horrible, horrible. Do you wonder ”—her eyes flashed—“ that I keep my little twins always in the house ? ”

“ I know they are pale, I know they are thin, I know the doctor says it is wrong of me not to let them run about outside. But I *can’t* ; I would rather their little bodies died than that their souls were stained like that.”

Her twins—I knew E So was wrapped up in the two little lads, her joy and pride. I, a spectator, sat and listened

and wondered, and thanked God that His Grace could so change the heart of a woman, who had fought and struggled in past years against the "Foreigners' Doctrine."

In the pure light of Christ's Salvation she had learnt what true purity was, and she coveted a soul "unspotted from the world" for each of her children.

"I thank God!" she said vehemently. "I *thank God* that Ah Sung, my eldest daughter, was kept so that she never heard one evil sentence, and knew nothing of the vile talk around."

Then she told us some things that these tiny children say to each other, taunts thrown from babies' lips, in their small quarrels with other children—

"Your mother is an evil-living woman"—and *worse*, things I cannot repeat, words spoken by the lips of little children.

"I know it," said the tired missionary with a sigh; "I know it only too well. It is all true."

I thought of a little child away in England, a baby brought up in an English home, with all that is beautiful around her, wrapped in love and tenderness. To her, as yet, SIN means disobedience when mother calls her to come to bed, rebellion when the toys have to be put away. But the evils of the world are absolutely unknown.

Just as to a Chinese child demons are an awful reality, to *her* angels are realities, such realities that she trotted to bed with a doll in her arms, and absolutely refused to part with it—because—

"You know, mummie, it's for the angels to play with when they come to take care of me."

"Mother, can't you move my bed a tiny bit further from yours, so as there will be room for the angels' wings?"

This Chinese baby in his small corner of the only bed the family possesses, knows nothing of angels. He sees his

mother busy burning incense sticks, and he knows well enough it is to guard him from the demons who he firmly believes are haunting the air, ready at any moment to pounce upon him and do him harm.

* * * * *

DOES CHINA NEED THE GOSPEL ?

Oh ! for the sake of these little ones who are " caused to stumble," let us be faithful to the trust committed to us, and see that we do our part in bringing the Light of Life to this dark, dark land.

DECEMBER 29, 1906.

CHRISTMAS has rather interfered with the usual routine of things, and I am behindhand again in my writing. But I want to write one more letter before I begin dating 1907.

First of all, I have had good news from H. After the two opium-smokers left the boat, he was much more comfortable, but was very glad to reach Nanning on the tenth day and to be able to stand upright, after ten days of sitting or lying down. Mr. Landis, the Alliance missionary, was most kind, and asked him to come to his house to dinner every day. He could not offer him a room in the mission house, as he has no spare room, but said he was very welcome to the use of a room above their native preaching hall in the town. This H. gratefully accepted, and took up his abode there at once.

Unfortunately it was in a very dirty condition, and H. made things worse by tearing off the paper which covered the ceiling, for the dust and dirt behind were more than he and Shau Wan could cope with. He said he spent Sunday, living rather like a pig! But the next letter said that he and Shau Wan and a coolie had been working away, and had got the place into better condition. To my joy he had already had an offer of half a large shop to rent. I mean that even if this offer is not suitable, the fact that it came so quickly shows that there is not a great prejudice against letting to a foreigner.

My precious Christmas box from home arrived just in time for Christmas, and to my delight a note came from the Wuchow Customs Commissioner, a German, to say that he was starting for Nanning on Christmas Day and would be glad to take any parcel from me to my husband ! I put all his presents together and sent them off. So now I picture him in his spare moments reading David Hill's *Life*, eating Edinburgh Rock, and writing a diary !

Meanwhile his deserted wife consoled herself with turkey and plum-pudding. Think of it, my dears, turkey and plum-pudding in these benighted regions. We had a very festive time, beginning in French style on Christmas Eve with a dinner and dessert, after which we played Pit and other games. Then on Christmas Day I woke up to hear the little school-girls singing Christmas hymns outside. So I jumped out of bed, wrapped a rug round me, poked my head out of the door and said—"Thank you, it is very good hear," and invited them to depart slowly, in Chinese fashion.

They trotted off, and I chuckled to myself when I heard them loudly inviting Dr. Smith to "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," because he had emphatically declared the night before that he did hope there wouldn't be any carol singing to wake him up at an unearthly hour. Then came a bevy of Chinese ladies to visit Mrs. Anderson and inspect the Christmas tree, and they had to be entertained with tea and Chinese cakes. The baby girl is most useful on these occasions and trots round, bowing in proper style, and playing with the children.

In the afternoon came a big Chinese feast, which I thoroughly enjoyed. I think there is some rubbish talked about the trials of missionaries in China having to eat Chinese food. Of course on the boats when they give you nothing but pork, etc., it is horrid, but the food they give at feasts is much more cleverly cooked than our English food, and really

very good. However, after a Chinese feast a Christmas dinner is an impossibility, so we kept our own festivities to the next day—Boxing Day.

The turkey came from the Alliance mission and the pudding from Mr. Anderson's mother in Yorkshire. We all donned our best bibs and tuckers, and with a dessert of oranges and chow chow, chocolates and nuts, we made merry in grand style. Mr. Anderson said it reminded him of the little son of a well-known Wesleyan minister, who retired to his room and was heard praying—

“O Lord! I won't do it again, I *promise* I won't; but *please* don't let me burst this time!”

Mr. Anderson's people have been Wesleyan Ministers ever since the time of Wesley, and it is most interesting to hear of his father and mother, with their seven children and small income, patiently packing up every three years and settling down in a new home. It was always a time of excitement, wondering what sort of a house the next would be, and if the furniture would be very battered about. Then the local preachers, and regular old prayer meeting attenders, with their quaint phrases. It was startling to hear an old Yorkshire man, who always began in a whisper and worked himself up to a tremendous crescendo—

“O Lord, this is a wicked place, there's men with dogs, dogs with chains, pigeons in baskets. There's men in this place that's INSANE. O Lord, save this INSANITARY place.”

The reference to dogs and pigeons had of course to do with the betting over pigeon flying and coursing. We walked down a filthy Chinese street yesterday, with tubs at the corners full of unspeakable filth, and pigs and people everywhere all equally in need of a bath, and Mrs. Anderson murmured—“O Lord, save this insanitary place!”

A CHINESE LESSON-BOOK

IN these days everybody who knows anything about the "Middle Kingdom" is speaking and writing of the remarkable "Awakening of China," and it is certainly true that changes, which three years ago men spoke of as "impossible," are now coming to pass every day.

Colleges and schools are opened in every city, in many places the temples themselves being turned into school-houses. Policemen are seen in the streets; foreign uniforms are taking the place of the scholar's long gown; steamers and locomotives, electric lights and other wonders from the West are not any longer unknown objects.

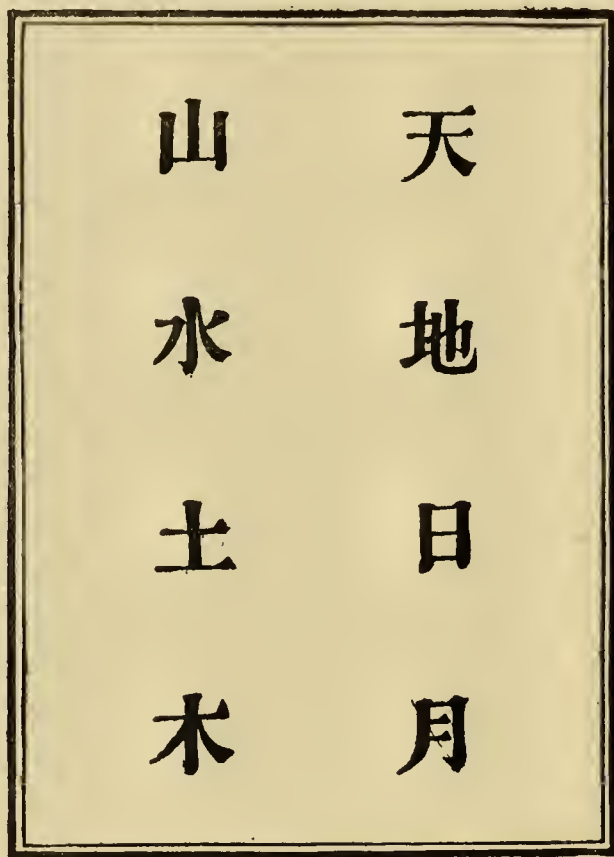
But I think nothing is more typical of Old China and New, than the two little paper-bound lesson-books which lie before me now. One is the *Three Character Classic*, which has been the standard lesson-book for the children of China for many, many generations. The other is the modern *Chinese Primer* compiled by a committee of Chinese and Japanese literary men in Shanghai.

The *Three Character Classic* is "Old China," the *Primer* is "New China."

In former days the little son was taken with much ceremony to school, to make his obeisance before the learned teacher in huge spectacles with horn rims. The *Three Character Classic* was placed in his hands, and he was allotted a seat. There he remained hour after hour, swaying his little body to and fro, chanting in a loud, monotonous voice, page after page of his book, contracting the

dangerous habit of learning words, words, words, without a minute's thought of their meaning.

With book in hand and eyes straying all over the room, "Ah Pak" memorized his *Three Character Classic*, much as a certain English student once memorized his *Euclid*,



"It is an easy thing for the little lad to read the characters."

When the time came for him to sit for examination, the propositions were written out faultlessly, so he was much surprised by a summons to appear before the examiners—

"You have written out your answers," they said, "but *where are your diagrams?*"

"Oh," said the student in dismay, "do you mean the

little pictures at the top? I didn't know I had to learn those too!"

So Ah Pak joins the babel of shrill voices, and chants aloud—

Man's beginning of life is such
That by nature he is radically good.
By nature men are mutually near to one another,
In practice they are far apart.
If he is not taught,
Nature would be degraded.
Education's rationale is such
That it is useful to employ application.

But what is the meaning of these obscure phrases the small student knows not at all, and cares less; though perhaps there may be a dim wonder in his mind when he learns that he is good by nature, and evil only by example, when it is so easy to be bad and so hard to be good!

Now imagine the child's delight when, instead of this dry-as-dust classic, the new book is put into his hands. He opens the first page and his eyes feast upon the picture of a red sun rising out of a yellow sky, while a hill with fir trees adorns the foreground. It may shock the foreigner's sensibilities, but to the Chinese mind it is an awe-inspiring work of art.

It is an easy thing for the little lad to learn the characters on the next page—

HEAVEN, EARTH, SUN, MOON, HILL, WATER, WOOD.

He has no alphabet to trouble about, for each character represents a single word. For instance, 山 as one can see at a glance, is a hieroglyphic for hill; so that whenever the little pupil in future wants to write the word "hill," he has only to draw this picture.

FATHER, MOTHER, SON, DAUGHTER—follow by natural sequence on the third page, reading in Chinese fashion from right to left.

Where little Ah Fong has four characters to learn, with a picture of each to help them down, his father in *his* youthful days must learn by heart in his *Three Character Classic*—

Great-great-grandfather,
Great-grandfather,
Grandfather,
Father and self,



“Father, mother, son, daughter—reading
in Chinese fashion from right to left.”

Self and son,
Son and grandson,
From son to grandson,
To great-grandson and great-great-grandson,
Are the nine degrees of kinship, which constitute
Man's order of relationship.
Between father and son there must be kindness,
The husband must receive from his wife obedience,
The elder brother then must be brotherly,

The younger must have reverence,
The prince must treat his officials with respect,
The ministers must show faithfulness,
These constitute the ten principles of righteous conduct,
Being that regarding which all mankind are under the same obligation.

Ah Fong will, of course, have to learn all this *in time*, but



“The next step is to learn his figures—from one to ten.”

he may be thankful that he was born when the “Awakening” had begun, and the *Three Character Classic* was not his *first* instruction-book.

The next step is to learn his figures—from one to ten, and here the illustrations are amusingly “Chinese.” To a Western mind the pictures are decidedly perplexing and

troublesome. Not so to the Chinese, for they are the most familiar objects in his home.

One—is a ball. Two—a pair of spectacles, a very familiar thing, for every learned man possesses a pair, even though they contain only plain glass. They add a look of dignity and profundity. Three—is a three-legged brass incense pot, in which the incense sticks are daily burnt before the family gods. Four—a four-legged table. Five—a five-petal flower. These are plain enough. But then comes Six—a six-legged wasp. Seven—a favourite Chinese puzzle, consisting of a piece of paper cut into seven pieces, which, when joined together in the right way, will make a square. Eight—is a spider with eight legs. Nine—a fan, with nine strips of bamboo in the handle, a very common object to a Chinese schoolboy, who carries a fan to school in summer time as a matter of course, and is accustomed to see every one else with one, from the Mandarin to the soldier, the pork butcher and the coolie. Ten—is the Chinese yard measure, which they are sensible enough to divide into ten inches, according to the decimal system.

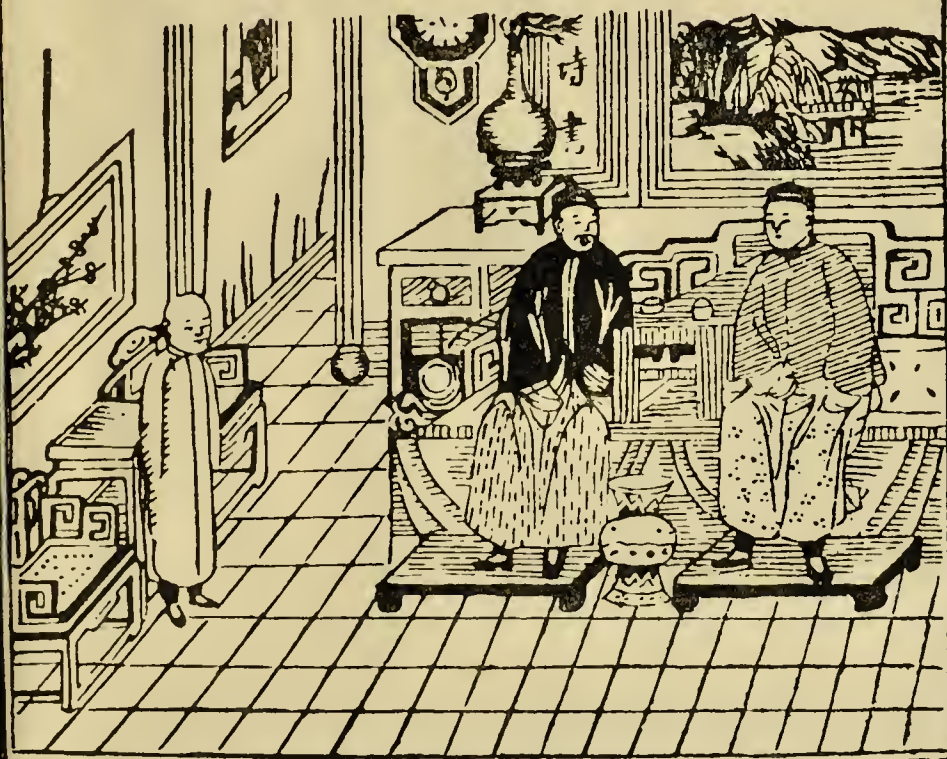
From figures he passes to manners. Among the first things a Chinese child must know are the essentials of etiquette, so his First Reader gives him a picture of the guest-room.

A guest has arrived.
He enters the house.
I receive the guest, standing in front of the seats.
My father sees the guest,
He asks his honourable name.
My father sits upon the right hand,
The guest sits upon the left.

It is a remarkable fact that in almost every particular a Chinaman reverses the order of things to which we have been accustomed.

He builds his house, beginning at the roof.

父見客
問姓名
父坐右
客坐左



“From figures he passes to manners.”

He wears long garments reaching to the ankle, while his wife wears a shorter coat, and trousers.

He reads his books, turning the pages from right to left.

He carries his umbrella handle downwards.

He speaks of South, West, North, East.

He keeps his hat on when he comes to call.

He considers the left side the place of honour—and so on *ad infinitum*.

So the little student takes lessons in etiquette from his first reader, and the next picture shows him a strangely hideous little boy, receiving his visitors with all the manners of “a little gentleman.”

Two guests arrive together.
One old, and one young.
I ask the guests their names.
The guests ask me my age.

But the model boy is not to be satisfied with mere politeness to strangers. He is to be versed in that most essential of all essentials—Filial Piety. With an eye to his own advantage, in truly Chinese style, he piously observes—

I pluck a melon in the fields
And with filial reverence present it to my father and mother.
My father orders a knife to be brought.
They cut the melon in half,
And dividing it into pieces,
Give it to the brother and his sisters.

And the baby's mouth waters as he reads—for Ah Fong, the student, is little more than a baby, and his heart goes pit-a-pat at the thought of that luscious melon, and the words are easy to learn.

The melon appeals to him more than the stories of ancient times, which the former generation must learn from the *Three Character Classic*.

Men like Lu Men Shu,
Who split bulrushes and bamboo tablets

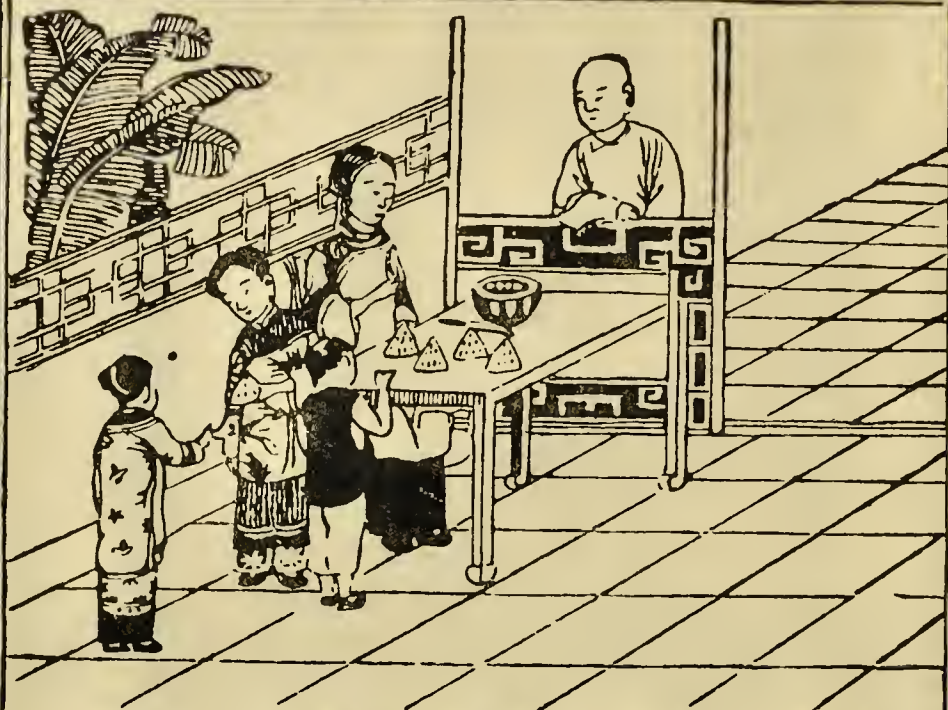
老少

兩客同來
一老一少
我問客姓
客問我年



"I ask the guests their name. They ask me my age."

瓜 命 剖 半 給



采瓜田中
敬奉父母
父命取刀
剖瓜一半
分給弟妹

“I pluck a melon in the fields, and with filial reverence present it to my father and mother.”

And polished bamboo tablets to write on.
 They, though having no books,
 Nevertheless knew how to study with energy.
 Men like Sun King, who, to prevent drowsiness,
 Would keep the head tied to a rafter,
 Or like Sun Tsin, use an awl to pierce the thighs.
 They, though without instructors,
 Pursued study by their own diligence and pains.
 Others perchance would use a bag of glow-worms to give them light
 to read,
 Or would read by the light reflected from the snow.
 For though their families were poor,
 Yet was their learning not stopped.
 Others would carry firewood to earn the means,
 Or perchance hang up their book on the horns of the cattle, to read
 as they rode.
 And though their bodies were fatigued,
 They took great pains to learn.

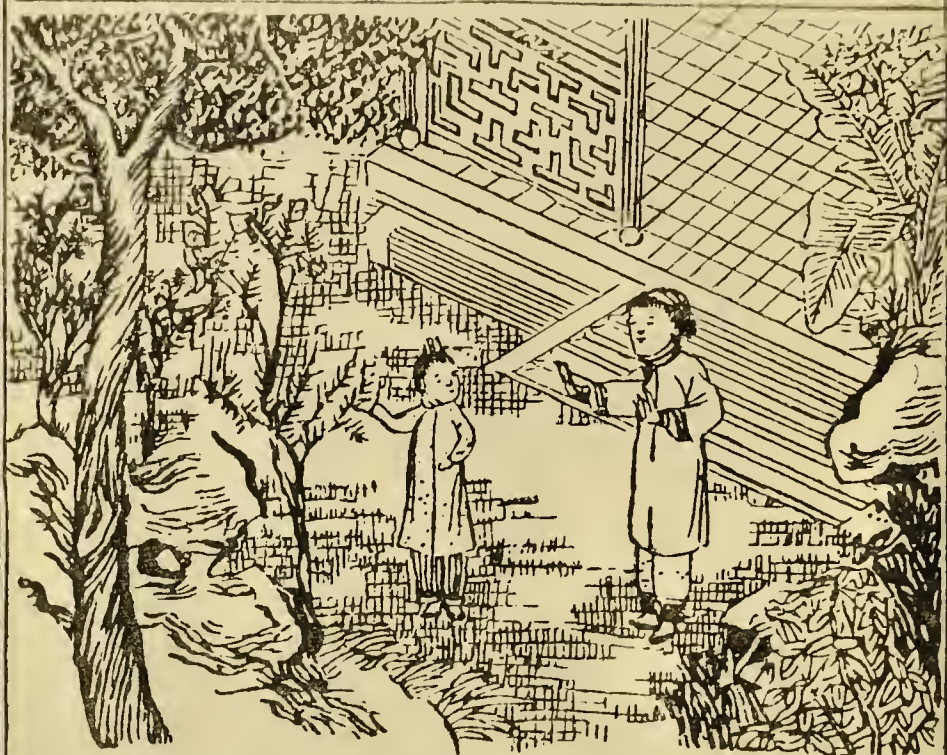
But Ah Fong does not need an awl to pierce his little body, in order to keep himself awake. His own home is bare and ugly, not a single picture does he possess, and his eyes are fairly dazzled, as he turns the pages of this wondrous new book, and beholds two lovely maidens in their best clothes, seated on the greenest of green grass, among the flowers. Their hair is done in correct style, and—significant fact—their feet are unbound, so that they can stand and run about unsupported, no longer tortured by the crushed “lily feet” which the boy will always associate with his mother and grandmother.

He sympathizes keenly with the little girl on the next page, who says—

My sister takes my hand,
 And leads me to the garden to see the flowers.
 I want to pluck the flowers,
 But my sister quickly shakes her hands.

The last describes exactly the Chinese motion of the hands to express disapproval. Where Tommie's English nurse would hold up a warning finger, Ah Mui shakes her hands from side to side, with palms outward.

搖急 欲 看階



姊執我手
降階看花
我欲采花
姊急搖手

“I want to pluck the flowers but my sister, shakes her hands.”

It seems to Ah Fong that there is always somebody waiting to shake their hand at him, when he has some particularly delicious scheme of mischief on hand.

Then again when Tommie learns to sing—

Shall we show you how the farmer
Sows his barley and wheat?

Ah Fong is taught how the rice shoots are laboriously planted out, and watered by the foot—

See on the bank the water-wheel,
Up and down, come and go,
Three men treading to and fro,
And singing as they tread.

Or—

Now the rain is over
Work as quickly as you may.
While the daughters pluck the mulberry-leaves,
The sons plant rice to-day.

In England, Mary has a little lamb, but in China, Ah Fong greatly prefers a fat pig, who knows how to “make himself at home” under the bed, if the family be poor, but has his own sty if it is a well-to-do house.

One black pig,
In the mud lying.
When the sun sets,
Home he must be hieing.

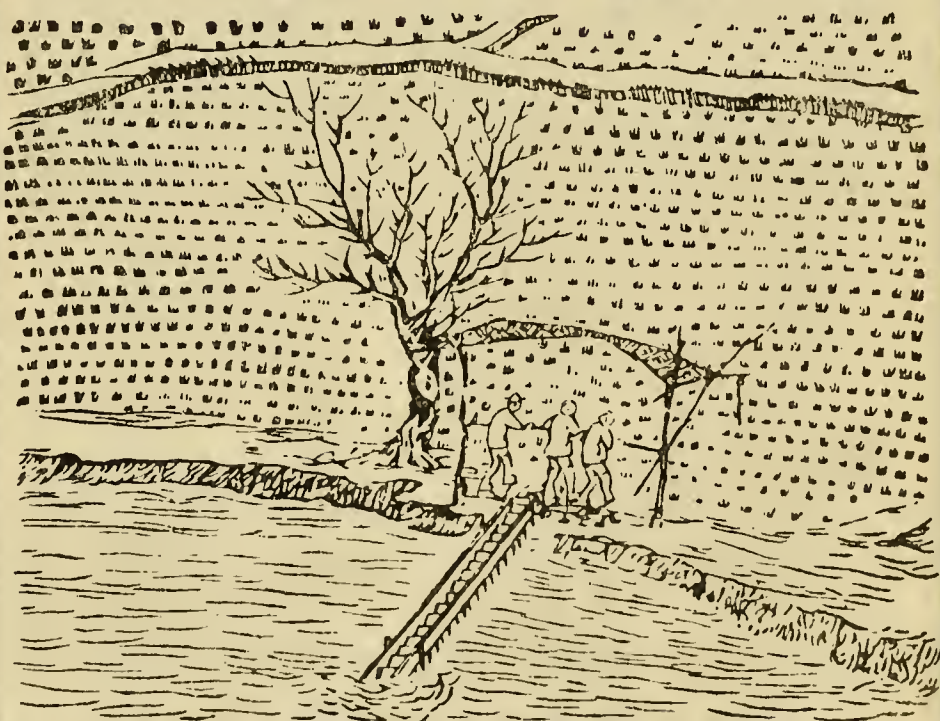
In England, Mary goes to call the cattle home, but Ah Fong has a better plan. He scrambles up on the cow's back, and rides home merrily, playing the flute as he jolts along.

But girls and country scenes are of small account compared with the more thrilling picture at the end of the book, so typical of “New China”—the lines of “New China” students drilling, in what they fondly believe to be truly foreign-style uniforms, and button-boots.

The boots may possibly be buttoned each on to the wrong

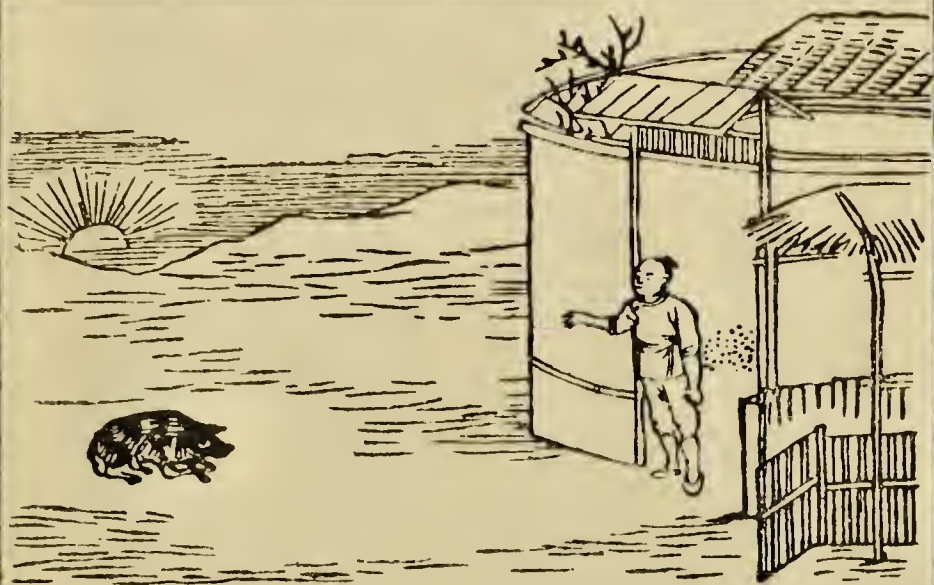
岸旁 復 唱 歌

岸旁水車
上下往復
有三四人
在水車上
口唱田歌



“See on the bank the water wheel!”

喚 陽 泥臥 豕



一黑豕
臥泥中
夕陽在山
有人喚豕

“One black pig in the mud lying.”

foot—indeed a whole regiment once passed our door, every man with the right boot on the left foot, and *vice versa*—but that is a minor detail!

The children of “Old China” sighed their weary way through the *Three Character Classic*, and ended up at the last page with the lying exhortation—

In diligence there is merit,
BUT PLAY HAS NO BENEFIT.
Therefore, children, beware,
And exert yourselves to learn.

I have heard a child of two years old repeat page after page of this book from memory. He would probably go on repeating the same words for years, without an attempt on the teacher's part to explain the meaning. Then at the age of eight or nine, having been thoroughly grounded in this parrot-like method of learning, he is supposed to stop and think of the sense of the dreary words.

“The old is best” has been for generations the keynote of China. The old books, the old methods—and the older the better. But this is the time of the Awakening, and surely we may hope better things of the future generation, if they are allowed to *think*, as well as to memorize the wonderful Chinese characters, which their forefathers literally worshipped.

背 牧 短 笛 往
黃牛背 坐牧童 口吹短笛 東西往來



“Playing the flute as he jolts along.”



“In foreign style uniforms and buttoned boots.”

WUCHOW.

JANUARY 8, 1907.

WE do earnestly ask your prayers for Shau Wan. We were able to engage him through the kindness of the missionaries here, and he is a most useful man. His wife is a heathen and a great hindrance to him. At present she is here in Wuchow and Shau Wan is in Nanning, but I am hindered in a way from talking much to her, for I fear she would be willing to profess anything if only she could get me to promise her work. But I want to save her from professing what she really does not believe, so at present it seems best to pray for her, and just let her attend the classes with the other women. I fear she has been a thoroughly bad woman. When she heard that I would not give her work to do, she threatened to buy back her freedom from her husband and go back to an evil life. When I look at her hard face I wonder how her heart is to be reached. Will you work for her by your prayers?

The only other missionaries in Nanning are the American Alliance workers, Mr. Landis and his wife and sister. They have been most kind in lending my husband a room above the native preaching hall in the city, until he can rent a Chinese house. Their own house was full, but he has made himself quite comfortable there for the present. As soon as we can rent a house, we hope to settle down there until we are able to build. Chinese houses are cold in winter and very hot in summer, but we will make a few alterations to the

roof and fill up some of the cracks, so that we shall do very well for a few months.

H. says the people are already getting to know what he is there for, and that he is a doctor. As he passes along the streets, he hears whispers of "E Shang, E Shang"—"He is a doctor," and patients are already beginning to come. Nanning is just going to be opened as an Inland Treaty Port, so it will be a most important centre. We do praise God that He has led us there.

* * * * *

I know that those who read this letter are keenly in sympathy with foreign mission work, but at times we all come in contact with those who strongly object to foreign missions and do a world of harm by their want of sympathy. Perhaps you may find this true incident useful—it is typical of many.

A short time ago, a well-known globe-trotter, Sir Somebody Something, came to a certain port. On landing at the Customs House he was met by a Chinese clerk, faultlessly dressed, exceedingly polite, and speaking excellent English. The globe-trotter was delighted—

"Now," he said to his hostess, a missionary, "look at that man. What need have you to come all the way from England to preach to a man like, that, civilized, clever, polite! What more can you ask?"

"I know the man," was the quiet reply. "He is a confirmed opium-smoker, and has been married three times. The first two wives found life so unbearable with him, that they committed suicide. The third has just attempted to take her own life and escape his cruelty, but my husband was called in time to save her!"

That was some time ago. Since then the third wife has succeeded in taking her life—the man married again, and

his fourth wife died not long ago, raving mad—evidently devil-possessed.

And that was the man who was so civilized that he didn't need the Gospel! Can you wonder that out here where we get to know something of the TRUTH about things, such foolish objections to foreign mission work seem hardly worth answering. It is only profound ignorance, which makes men say such things.

If ever China needed the Gospel, she needs it now, at this great crisis in her history. She needs it, but she doesn't want it.

Will you cry to God with us that there may come a mighty outpouring of the Spirit upon these people, such as there has been in India, and that we may see the same result here—a realization of the responsibility of native Christians towards their fellow-countrymen.

JANUARY 30, 1907.

I HAVE accomplished it ! I have travelled for ten days in a Chinese steamboat, lived with four Chinese women in the same cabin, and eaten their Chinese food. It was a novel experience to me, and had its advantages and its drawbacks ! But if " Experience is power," my power must have considerably increased, for the past ten days have held many new and strange experiences.

I feel I am glad of anything which gives me a chance of understanding these Chinese women better, though I confess my feelings varied. Sometimes when things seemed particularly disagreeable, I said—

" I will never travel this way again." But other times, in the evening when the women were all sitting round me on the floor, deeply interested in learning to read " Jesus loves me " or a little book which gives a simple outline of the Gospel in rhyme, I felt it was well worth the cost !

Then the delight of being on the way to Nanning at last, and looking forward to beginning full work again, made up for everything. I had given up all hope of being able to go up until after the Chinese New Year in February, when the rainy season begins, when suddenly we heard that this little native steamer was starting the next day. I could not have possibly got off if it had not been for my kind friends at the Wuchow Hospital. They all set to work, and in no time cases were being nailed up, a box was packed with

bread, tea, biscuits, butter, jam and fruit, my passage was taken, and my good-byes all said.

It was quite hard to leave my new friends, especially my dear little teacher "Peace," one of Mrs. Anderson's school-girls. We started off in the early morning soon after it began to get light, my new woman-servant and I, and several of the Chinese Christians came out and stood in a little crowd at the top of the river bank to see us off. We soon found the little river steamer waiting for passengers and cargo, and were shown a tiny cabin, which we were to share with a young Chinese girl. The next thing was to settle in our baggage and belongings as tightly as possible, for the cabin was little more than a cupboard, and we had to sit on the floor and make ourselves as comfortable as might be under the circumstances!

The Chinese girl spoke Mandarin, so I found my small amount of that language very useful, and she became most enthusiastic when I promised to teach her to read a little book I had with me. She would sit for hours and go over and over the words, until by the end of the journey she had the whole book by heart. Of course it was the pleasure of being able to say she could "read character" which made her so diligent, not a desire for the Gospel. But the words are there in her mind, and some day they may bear fruit.

That first day everything seemed very new and strange—the yellow faces everywhere and not another foreigner beside myself, the clumsy-looking steamer with its huge stern-wheel, which towed our boats along, the Chinese food, the noise and the chattering. But in spite of it all I slept well that first night, my mattress spread on a piece of matting upon the floor of the cabin.

The fifth day, Sunday, they came to tell us that all passengers must move on to the steamer—the river was so

low, that the tow-boat could go no further. *Then* what a scramble there was! Books and bedding, rugs and cups and saucers—everything had to be bundled back into bags and boxes, and transported in the rain to a cabin on the steamer.

You can imagine that I wondered very much what sort of a place we were going to be given. It turned out to be a cabin, larger than the first, but still too low to allow of standing upright, and I was to share it with five other women. In China people do not take furtive glances at one another—they settle themselves comfortably for a prolonged stare at the object of interest. After undergoing this scrutiny, I looked round. Six women sitting on the floor, six bundles of bedding, six boxes, a medley of teapots, Chinese ladies' dressing-cases, and other possessions—it seemed as if we should never get straight! But things sorted themselves in time, and we each took possession of our own little corner.

I was very thankful to secure a place next to the wall, so that with the wall on one side and my nice Christian woman-servant on the other, I could be fairly private.

The other passengers were—a pretty girl, who looked like a bride travelling with her servant, a respectable elderly woman, the mandarin-speaking girl from the tow-boat, and a rough but kind-hearted woman, who set herself to help the Mandarin girl, as soon as she saw that she had bound feet.

We all became very friendly, and soon I had splendid opportunities for telling them the Gospel. My foreign ways interested them immensely. The fact that I brushed my hair every day was a great amusement. *They* will leave their elaborate chignons untouched for days, only smoothing down the stray hairs; and, indeed, they always placed their heads so carefully on the hard pillows that the hair did not

have a chance to become ruffled ! One woman, whose wooden pillow was broken, slept peacefully with her head balanced on a tobacco tin.

Meals were the great event of the day. At ten o'clock, and again between four and five, with much shouting and excitement, large trays full of steaming bowls were thrust in at the door, followed by wooden buckets of rice. My dear old Shuk Poh managed things so nicely for me. She even got them to provide a little tray for me and herself, so that I need not eat out of the dishes into which everybody dipped their chopsticks. I don't mind doing that at an occasional feast, but with a prospect of ten days before us, I was glad to be able to have my own tray without hurting anybody's feelings.

The " sung " was really quite nice—chicken, pork, eggs vegetables, and sometimes fish. But I *could not* eat enough to satisfy poor Shuk Poh. She was greatly distressed and sure I should become dreadfully thin—" And then when we get to Nanning, Ki Sinshang will be angry, and will say to me—' Shuk Poh, what have you been doing to Ki Seni ? ' "

Her grief was great when the bread all went mouldy ! However, I was very well, and none the worse for my incapacity to devour three or four bowls of rice at one meal.

Teapots were, of course, in evidence all day long, and the greater part of the night too. Tucked in a cosy-lined basket with a padded cover, the weak Chinese tea is hot and drinkable for a long time after it has been brewed. I had some cocoa with me, and this had to be sampled all round. When time began to hang heavily the women occupied themselves by eating melon-seeds and sugar-cane. I used to sit and watch them and think how much happier is the life of a poor working Chinese woman, than that of her rich sister. The Mandarin girl and the " bride " did abso-

lutely nothing all day long—except adorn themselves in the morning, eat their rice, smoke big Chinese pipes, and sleep. That is—they slept in the daytime, but at night every one used to become particularly lively, and would laugh and chatter for hours, until, to their amusement, I asked if Chinese people did not find it necessary to sleep in the night.

Alas ! the cabin walls were very thin, and the men in the cabin above would gamble with dice until long after midnight, banging them on the floor exactly above my head, until I felt as if they were hammering them into my very brain. In the next cabin were some opium smokers, and the sickening fumes came stealing into our cabin, especially on cold nights, when I had to plead hard for the privilege of having one little window left open.

I began very slowly to feel my way in teaching them the Gospel, but Shuk Poh valiantly started singing hymns one night in her cheerful but unmusical voice, and the audience was literally “at her feet.”

“Would you like us to teach you to sing a hymn to-morrow ? ” I asked.

“Oh, yes, yes, if you do that *I* won’t go to sleep to-morrow.”

So we started “Jesus loves me,” and they became most enthusiastic, poring for hours over one verse, and even then stumbling when they tried to repeat it, but finding it easier every day.

One morning we had to pass the Great Rapid—a long, dangerous ascent—and there were great preparations for the usual thankofferings to the idol, who sits in his gaudy temple by the river side and is supposed to protect travellers. Incense sticks were brought out, the boatmen prepared chickens and pork, and there was a general stir. But Se So, the “bride’s” servant, sat absorbed in her hymn-

book. Only when the yells of the boatmen aroused her she looked up.

“Why! I was so busy reading, I had almost forgotten about worshipping,” she said.

But habit was strong, and when at last we reached the spot where the temple stood, the women gathered round a window opened for their benefit, and bowed towards the temple, thanking the idols for their protection; then back to the hymn-book—

Yes, Jesus loves me, the Bible tells me so.

It was so *hard* to see them worship and to realize the tremendous power of custom and habit, to know what strong chains bound those poor women. I felt a deep, deep discouragement come over me for a while, as if it were too much to expect that they could *ever* be set free—but courage returned when they gathered together and listened once more. For the Gospel *is* the power of God to salvation, and “Greater is He that is in us than he that is in the world.”

The women soon found out that my husband was a doctor, and that I was going to join him in Nanning, where we hoped to begin medical work, and by and bye to build a hospital. This news brought a perfect volley of symptoms—one girl showed me a terrible wound on her arm, the older woman gave me a long history of toothache, followed by remarkable pains in the back of her neck.

“Can’t you give me some medicine, Seni?” Or else it was—“I have such a bad headache, Seni”; or “I have dreadful indigestion”—at which I was not surprised, for the way they bolted their food filled me with wonder. I searched my travelling-bag, and discovered—

One bottle of tonic,
One box of Vinolia cream.

One cone of menthol,
One bottle of toilet vinegar,

and, my dear friends, if you only knew what marvellous cures I effected with these various things, you would, to say the least, be astonished. The tonic, harmless but bitter, was in great demand. Small Chinese teacups were held out for a dose. The "stiff neck" I massaged with the Vinolia cream, which was pronounced "ho heung"—very fragrant.

One woman confessed that she woke up in the night with a sharp pain in her eye, and attempted to cure it by an application of my toilet vinegar. But for *that* prescription I was *not* responsible!

The tenth day dawned at last, but found us a long way from Nanning. Two days before, just about sunset, when Shuk Poh and I were singing, and the women were sitting round listening, there came a fearful jarring crash, and we all instinctively clutched one another—the steamer had run on to the rocks. Water came pouring in below our cabin, and we women all crowded to one side with our belongings, while the floor was taken up and the water baled out.

They found the hole, but we were so heavily laden that the steamer refused to move, and we went dolefully to bed that night, wondering what the sequel would be. Mysterious whispers floated round that we had grounded in a lonely, pirate-haunted part of the river, and indeed it looked desolate enough—not a house, not a boat in sight. But we were kept in safety, and in the morning a great "Noah's Ark," a cargo-boat, caught us up, and came to our aid. All the men-passengers and the heavy boxes were removed temporarily to the cargo-boat, and then,

with one tremendous effort and a chorus of deafening yells the little steamer was floated once more.

The result of this disaster was that instead of getting to Nanning by daylight, we heard that we should not be in until the evening. Such preparations there were! Everybody began elaborate hairdressing, best earrings were brought out. Smart embroidered slippers and neatly folded shaams (coats) were produced from the depths of pig-skin trunks and boxes, to be slipped on at the last moment, so that every fold should fall in its right position.

It always amuses me to see pictures of Chinese drawn by foreigners, in England or America, who generally depict them as dressed in garments with abundant folds and creases, whereas nothing is more precise and mathematical than the dress of a Chinese lady or gentleman.

There is only one way of folding a coat, so that it shall fall properly when it is donned. There is a particular line in the loose trousers which must be "just so," or the wearer looks ridiculous in Chinese eyes.

Finally the last box was packed, the last bundle of bedding rolled up, and then we sat and waited—waited till the sky grew crimson, till the sun set and the moon came out—and still Nanning was not in sight.

Shuk Poh appealed to me—

"Seni, what shall we do? It is getting so late?"

I am afraid I answered a little drearily—

"We can't possibly find the 'Good News Hall' in a strange city in the dark. Ki Sinshang may *perhaps* hear the whistle of the steamer, and be able to find us, but if not, we must just unroll our beds and wait until to-morrow."

The noisy little steamer panted into Nanning about 7. 30 p.m., and one by one the women passengers departed, until we two were left alone, sitting on our luggage. We must have looked a rather forlorn couple in the deserted

cabin ! I had quite given up hope that my husband would be able to find us, or would even hear that we had arrived so late, when a boatman called out—

“ Ki Seni, open the door. Ki Sinshang is here ! ”

Oh ! the relief. How we tumbled out of that cabin, and into the little boat, where my husband and his faithful servant, Shau Wan, were waiting to take us ashore. A few moments and we were on solid ground, and I was able to stand upright for the first time in ten days. However, so unaccustomed was I to walking, that the first thing I did was to tumble down and lose my slippers, to the intense amusement of the boatwomen.

We made our way in the moonlight through the narrow streets, turning at last into a more important thoroughfare, and there we stopped before a doorway, over which was written “ Good News Hall.” Then through a barn-like preaching hall, up a steep ladder-stairway into a kind of loft. At first I thought that was our dwelling-place, but my husband led me through the loft to a little room partitioned off, and I had my first sight of our present home—a tiny room with bare walls *once* white, but the wooden partition and the low ceiling had been papered with pink paper (last year’s Chinese calendars !). The little cooking-stove, spotlessly clean, was burning brightly, and on the small Chinese table a meal was spread. Stores had completely run out, as my husband anxiously explained, but Chinese tea, oranges, water-chestnuts and porridge made an excellent meal. It was such a treat to sit still and watch my highly-domesticated husband stirring the porridge-pot !—to say nothing of the pleasure of eating with a spoon and fork once more.

There is a saying in our family that the pleasure of a “ happening ” is the talking it over afterwards. There has been so much to hear and so much to tell since that evening,

that it seems as if we shall never reach the end. There were encouragements—patients had already come for advice; the highest official in the city is now under treatment.

But the discouragements had been not a few—so many houses had *seemed* promising, and the doctor had come near to securing a dwelling-place many times, but as so often happens in China there had been a “hitch” somewhere.

However, Chinese New Year is at hand, and that is the great time for house-moving in the Middle Kingdom. Meanwhile, in our little room, bedroom, sitting-room, and study combined—a pocket edition so to speak—we are as happy as kings and as busy as bees.

CHINESE NEW YEAR'S EVE.

THIS is Tuesday afternoon and we have just finished tea. I am sitting by our open "French" (?) window—my feet on a cabin-box, paper and book on my knees, and a comfortable feeling inside that I have just succeeded in making a very nice little cake "all by myself," for tea, or to be strictly truthful, with the help of Shuk Poh. Nothing depresses me so much as failure, whether it is in talking Chinese or making a cake.

We are going to have a little excitement this evening! The Commissioner has asked us to dinner. After we had accepted I began to feel that I really *couldn't* go out to dine in Chinese garb with a Community bachelor! Loose trousers and a Chinese coat are delightful *among* the Chinese, but when it comes to doing anything so foreign as going out after dark to dinner, they are anything but delightful. So here I am in "borrowed plumes," my hair twisted in foreign style on the top of my head, much to its distress. It is so used to being plastered down in neat little curtains over my ears.

It is strange that just as we come here the foreign (non-missionary) element should be introduced. Up to now the two Alliance missionaries and the Roman Catholics have "held the field." But we are very fortunate in having a Commissioner who is not opposed to Missionary work. The other foreigner we have met this week is Dr. Morrison, the Pekin correspondent of *The Times*. He is

travelling through China, from Peking to Hanoi, and you can imagine our interest when we suddenly received an invitation to meet him at lunch at the Landises. We accepted with alacrity, and went in sedan chairs through the rain. I expected a lean, intellectual, "Edinburgh-medical" sort of man (he is an Edinburgh M.D.), but instead we found a burly, grey-haired individual, a very interesting talker and a man with an extraordinary memory for details.

The next day H. met him at the post-office, and Dr. Morrison showed him a note he had already written, asking him to come for a walk. So in the afternoon Dr. Morrison, the Commissioner and H. went round the city by the wall, and had a good time, discussing things Chinese from opium to missionaries.

These occasional breaks in the "common round" do us good, I think. They stir up our brains, just as one stirs the porridge-pot occasionally to keep the contents from becoming too lumpy.

At present our time is occupied in training *very* raw servants, and in language study. It is the Chinese New Year's Day to-morrow, and everybody is in a state of great excitement—so missionaries are compelled to take a holiday. No one has time to listen to the Gospel. The annual house-cleaning, the dumpling-making, the congratulatory calls, and the idol-worship fill every moment of the day *and* night—for they literally stay up all night to boil the wonderful dumplings; the wood fires have to be kept burning for ten hours.

As soon as all the feasting is over we do earnestly hope that we may hear of a house to let. These small quarters are very small indeed, and our things are all getting smoke-begrimed. Volumes of smoke pour in at the rice-cooking times. Our next door neighbours on the left make crackers and incense sticks; and on the right, cottonwool quilts,

etc. So we have plenty of dust and fluff floating in through the window, which is only a wooden door, opening on to a flat roof, and has no glass. But we have quite a fifth of November feeling, for crackers are perpetually exploding over the wall. I suppose they have to test every new batch to see if they are loud and hideous enough to please the gods and demons.

NANNING, S. CHINA,
via HONG KONG AND WUCHOW,
FEBRUARY 23, 1907.

LAST Sunday afternoon H. and I were out for a walk. We had gone a good way and then stopped at a turning, hesitating as to whether we should go further or not, finally deciding to come straight home. When we got back a sedan chair and three coolies were waiting in the preaching hall, and a letter from the Commissioner to say that his clerk, who had just arrived from Wuchow, was taken very ill with hæmorrhage from the lungs, and would Dr. Clift come at once? The servants were looking out for us, and Shuk Poh said—"I knew it was serious because the messenger said it was hæmorrhage, and I did pray that the Heavenly Father would send you back quickly, and he has!" and her plain face beamed.

The patient is Mr. Shek, a well-educated Chinese gentleman, who speaks good English, and was converted at Wuchow through Dr. Macdonald. He himself had held a weekly Bible Class for the Chinese Customs staff at Wuchow, and his wife opened her house for a ladies' meeting. It was a great grief to the Andersons to lose them, but they were glad for us to have their help in the work up here, and we were greatly looking forward to their coming. H. has been attending him twice a day, and we have all been praying daily for them. I went with him to see Mrs. Shek. She is one of the most refined Chinese women I have seen,

with a dignified manner and a very quiet, gentle voice. She broke down when I said how sorry we were for her husband's illness. It must be hard, arriving in a strange place, all her friends left behind, and settling into a miserable house, as well as having to nurse her husband. But he is a little better to-day and the hæmorrhage is ceasing. It is such a drawback not being able to get any ice in a case like this.

Another patient last Sunday was one of the "Last Hopes." Just as I was getting ready to go to the Alliance morning meeting, a call came for H. to go to this man's house. He is a rich shopkeeper living a few doors away from us. H. was taken through a fine shop to a sort of outer room at the back of the house, where the man lay on a bed, dressed in all his grand clothes. It struck H. as peculiar that a rich man should be lying in such a room, but it never occurred to him until later that he was dressed up and put there probably because they thought he was dying, and so he was.

He had been unconscious for two days, and the Chinese doctors had given him up, so, as usual at that crisis, it was "Send for the foreigner." H. did everything possible, but it was too late. The relatives all stood round, and a crowd of friends in their long gowns, watching H. with the deepest interest until he gave up. They said the man had spent his New Year's holiday eating, eating, eating—filling up the time between meals by peeling and eating water chestnuts, when he was suddenly taken ill, and became unconscious. We thought the relatives would be aggrieved that we could not save him, and H. only charged a dollar for medicine, but to-day a man came and brought three times that amount done up in red paper. It was cheering, because it showed that they believed H. had done his best for the man.

There is one more excitement to tell you about. We have heard of a house, a shop in a busy street, which would suit our purpose excellently, but the man, knowing a foreigner wants to rent it, is asking far too big a price. We assure him in vain that we are not rich Westerners. The idea is firmly rooted in the Chinese mind that every foreigner is rolling in wealth, and lawful prey in the matter of house rents and land purchases. I think they are beginning to believe us when we say that we *haven't got the money*, and we are not supported by a Church. They get so accustomed to see missionaries building houses and schools and hospitals, and they nearly always believe that he does it out of his own pocket (!!!), and they think we are telling lies when we say we have not the means to pay a big rent.

I can't tell you how interesting it is to be in China under these conditions, earning our living and yet preaching the Gospel. Those who know our position seem immensely surprised. H. told the middleman to-day how we stood ; he said—" I am here to earn my living and to preach the Gospel. By and bye perhaps friends at home will help me to build a hospital, but at present I have not got the money to pay such a big sum straight down. I have been three or four months without a practice ! " Then the man really began to believe him, and said : " What a hot heart he must have to come to China like that."

We are just going to wait, and if the man is willing to let us the house at a fairly reasonable price, we see visions of leaving our smoky little room and setting to work in earnest.

NANNING, CHINA,
via HONG KONG AND WUCHOW,
FEBRUARY, 1907.

IT is a good thing that seeing visions and building castles does not cost anything ! *Our* castle has come toppling down—in other words, the landlord of that house on which we had set our hearts absolutely refuses our offer of £25, so we have said good-bye to the house. There is a lingering hope that when he hears we are earnestly inquiring about another house in the same street, he may see that he is losing a good chance, for as it is we have offered more than he would get from any Chinaman.

Meanwhile H. has quite a few patients even here. This morning he was called to see a rich man's child. Of course she is a "last hope," and has been ill for nine months, but this time there is a hope of saving her life. While H. was gone, Shuk Poh and I prayed together here, and she prayed, as she always does, very simply and quaintly—"Lord, we know Thou hast done many miracles"—for she fully realizes what harm may be done if all the first cases are absolutely beyond treatment.

To-night H. came back from his visit to Mr. Shek's in radiant spirits. I could wish that the state of his patients did not weigh quite so heavily on my "Cheung Fu." I think he suffers almost as much as they do when they don't yield to treatment. Mr. Shek is really wonderfully better ; he was actually sitting up doing some Customs business,

filling in forms, etc., and very happy to be so well. I expect work will come more steadily now the New Year festivals are at an end. They finished up when the moon was full, on the fifteenth day of the first month, with the "Feast of Lanterns."

Processions passed our door all the morning—the Chinese *love* processions! And I think they know how to do things better than we Westerners. They don't crowd their beautiful things together, *en masse*. For instance, in one of the processions a man carried a long narrow strip of rich red and gold embroidery on a bamboo pole, two men carried a wooden tray with a pair of fine enamel vases and a few other things. As they went slowly along the filthy, narrow street one seemed to be able to see so much more of the beauty of these few, single things. I suppose it is that they have so few really beautiful things that they make the best of what they have, and the one or two tall vases in an otherwise rather empty room strike one more than in the crowded drawing-rooms at home. But alas they come down! The next few trays carried aloft contained numbers of cheap German lamps, with the *commonest* shades and chimneys. Chinese lanterns in dragon shape or fish shape look a good deal more appropriate! It was so typical of China in this transition stage—old China with her superstitions and customs, and new China with her gimcrack foreign goods.

MAY 4, 1907.

I AM almost ashamed to think what a long time it is since I wrote last, but if you had been able to borrow a flying motor and could have flown over here and had a peep in at our window you would not have been surprised that I found it difficult to write letters.

The little room, kindly lent us by our American friends, was very tiny, and when you think that a fair amount of cooking had to be done there, and that it was bedroom, sitting-room and study in one, and that visitors had to be entertained there, you will understand why I felt that letters must wait. Every day we said, "Only a day or two longer and we shall be moving"—but February passed and March came and went, and April appeared, and *still* we had not secured a house. My "housekeeperly" heart was grieved by the sight of the mosquito curtains becoming more and more smoke-begrimed, and it seemed hardly any use to try to dust! Fluff from the cotton wool factory next door came floating in and settled everywhere.

Meanwhile, time after time we thought we had obtained a place, and then at the last moment the arrangements would fall through! The first was a fine large shop in "Wood Shop Street"—just the place. H. was allowed to see over the house and came away delighted. Our spirits rose—and sank rapidly again. "Rent 240 dollars a year (£24)—not a cent less to a foreigner." But there the foreigners "drew the line." They were willing to pay a reasonable

rent, but not an exorbitant sum, because their skin was not yellow and their eyes were not almond-shaped.

House number 2 in the same street was not so large, but it would "do." The present tenant stipulated that the foreigner must purchase the furniture and fittings, and an inventory must be made—

So many chairs and Chinese tea-tables,
A roof garden,
Rice sifters,
The idol-loft, etc., etc.

The inventory took a long time to make out, and it would mean a large outlay for things practically useless, but the list was complete at last, and all settled. Then the man evidently changed his mind. He would let us have the house on condition that his shop-assistants might still live there until he had room for them in his new shop. And meanwhile the shop-assistants would have been in and out while the unpacking and arranging was proceeding, and many things would have a chance of slipping up the sleeve of their long gowns!

"No, thank you, we will not trouble you!" we said—and the search began again.

Still another house—this time in Cottonwool Street—small but in fairly good repair. "It will do," we said, and our thoughts went back to the Wood Shop Street mansion with a little sigh, but by this time we were only too thankful for any sort of place—the summer was coming and the attic room was becoming intensely hot. The house was taken, and coolies were to go in the following Monday and clean it down. Then a message came, vague and indirect, but conveying the impression that something was again going wrong, and the house was "slipping through our hands" once more.

It was the property of a city Guild and every member but one had consented to rent it to us. The exception was an old man, who didn't want foreigners in the house—"You never knew when you could get rid of them."

Expostulations were in vain—the house "had been already let to a coppersmith (oh ! oh !) —it was a pity, but it could not be helped." We had a strong suspicion that the coppersmith had been pressed into service to occupy the house and exclude the foreigner. Be that as it may, the next time my husband passed that way the shop was ringing with the sound of the coppersmith's hammers, and business was in full swing.

It is a fact that we have to face—They DON'T WANT US. I think of the beautiful and often touching hymns we sing at home in our missionary meetings—

"Come over and help us, we die in our anguish"—and many others. And they are *true*—the NEED of the people cries to us with an exceeding bitter cry, but they don't *know* that they need us and they certainly do not *want* us.

"Foreigners !" they say. "Don't let them come and live near us, disturbing the spirits and neglecting to burn the daily incense. No, thank you ! No foreigners in this street. They bring a curse !"

Summer was creeping nearer and nearer, and summer garments and many necessary things were stored at Wuchow, while we "camped" with the bare necessities of life. The missionary, who kindly promised to forward our boxes, was taken ill with typhoid fever—so we made up our minds that H. must run down to Wuchow himself, get our boxes on to a cargo-boat and do some necessary shopping, whilst I meanwhile continued the search. We have some true Chinese Christian friends in this city—a Mr. and Mrs. Shek. Mrs. Shek came to call.

“What would you think of a house which is to let in our street at \$9 (=£1) a month, Ki Seni?”

“I should be very glad,” I said. “We have agreed that if we can’t get a house in the business streets, we will take one in another part of the city for a temporary home.”

“Then will you come and look over it?”

Yes, indeed, I was only too thankful; so the next day I went with Mrs. Landis, the American missionary, and we “looked over” the house to let.

It was so comically different from one’s experiences of English house-hunting, that I found it difficult to keep a solemn countenance as the man unlocked the great unwieldy wooden doors and admitted us into the “hall,” a square entrance, with the usual niche in the wall, *not* for an umbrella-stand, but containing a strip of red paper, on which was written the sentence—

MAY THE HEAVENLY OFFICIAL BLESS US,
and in front the remains of incense sticks placed there as an act of worship by the last tenants.

Through the entrance we passed to a paved courtyard, where I saw possibilities of a little garden with pots of roses and chrysanthemums. On the left of the entrance was a large, square room, three walls without a window, while the fourth side was composed of folding wooden doors, opening into the courtyard—

“That will do for a dispensary,” I decided, “then the patients need not all come through the house”—an advantage, when one thinks of the dirt and the dreadful diseases so common among Chinese patients.

Then we turned to the main building—a guest-room, with the usual loft for the idols and incense, all in a filthy condition, covered with the accumulated dirt and cobwebs of years, while one door had been removed at one time to serve as a hen-coop.

The room on the right would serve as bedroom, the little room at the back as dining-room. Then came a second little courtyard leading to four tumbledown rooms with mud walls, evidently the servants' quarters. Lastly, a third narrow courtyard in an unspeakable state of filth and then an open shed, blackened with smoke and soot—the kitchen!

I stood and looked around and thought of the wise and sound advice on "house-hunting," which one reads nowadays in many excellent periodicals. Fortunately life in a Chinese house is so primitively simple, that perhaps one escapes some of the dangers of a modern English house.

For example, letters from England have been telling of a household, where one after another had to retire to bed with a painful sore throat and no one could explain the reason, until it was discovered that some workmen, in laying pipes to connect the house with a new water supply, had pierced a drainage pipe, and the bad gas had been steadily escaping into the house! In China we don't have drains, and our water supply has to be carried in buckets from the river.

So the house is taken—the bargain money paid down, and we have set to work to clean and scrub and wash and scour! The first thing was to tear down the "household gods"—grinning, gaudy figures in many colours pasted on to the doors. Then down came the incense stick stands, and these went the way of the gods.

And then we began in real earnest; my ambition was to have it all ready by the time my husband came back. The ceiling was simply the tiled roof, and these tiles we swept with long bamboos. Showers of dust descended, which made me appreciate my white turban, and the old Chinese cotton coat I had donned. The earth floors were swept and then we set about removing the "pious papers," with which the walls were adorned, to "bring good luck."

Everywhere, on walls and doors, and in the cooking shed, were the orange-coloured papers with invocations to the gods to bless and protect, or good wishes such as—

“May all who open this door have success.”

“May those who come in and go out be blessed.”

“May old and young have happiness.”

It was a day's work to remove the papers, for they were six years' deep! Every new year a Chinese householder has his annual “Spring cleaning”—the old idol papers are removed or covered up by fresh ones. But alas! in the case of our house, as it was only rented, the tenants had evidently said—

“Cover up the old papers, we won't trouble to scrape them off.”

It took a whole day, but when it was finished, the difference in the appearance of that old house was delightful.

In the middle of our work, a stout, elderly woman, with a *very* drooping mouth, burst in upon us—

“They have stolen my door, they have stolen my door!”

Of course I was all sympathy—

“Dear me, that is very sad. We had thieves in here the other night and they took my baskets away.”

The corners of Mrs. Chinee's mouth still drooped ominously. I followed her gaze across the little courtyard, and behold! it was one of the dispensary doors which had been stolen, and Mrs. Chinee was my landlady! This was not the end of her grievances—they burst forth like a torrent.

She “regretted having let the house to us—the neighbours were all very angry with her.” “They say I have a covetous heart, and did it to get the big rent.” (So! this was the first intimation that we were paying a big rent!)

“Is it true that you want to WHITEWASH the house? I can't allow it. No, no, you must not do that. No one

would like to live in the house after you if you whitewash it." For white is the mourning garb here, and everything connected with death is greatly dreaded. Then it was that my woman-servant turned. Shuk Poh was boiling inwardly, I could see.

"The neighbours! What does it matter if they scold you? By and bye, when they know the Seni and the Teacher, they will not fear them. See, I am a Chinese woman, and I too greatly feared the foreigners at one time, but *now* I am not afraid! Whitewash! why, it's pure and clean—better than these dirty old walls. Now, isn't it? And see, the Seni wears clothes like ourselves. What have you to fear?"

The drooping corners relaxed a little, and Mrs. Chinee was forced to smile a watery smile, as she admitted that it was so, but still—the walls must not be whitewashed, it would be calamitous!

Eventually we arrived at a compromise. If I promised to mix some colour with the lime, I might colour-wash the walls.

"Yes, that will be all right, but you must promise not to whitewash the roof." I promised solemnly, and Mrs. Chinee was pacified.

My first meal in the new home was quite an event. Mrs. Shek, that dear little lady, was most anxious to help. She sent over her two "boys" with a little table, a chair, a wooden tub of water, and a potful of Chinese tea. My kind American friends provided the meal. Brother Three, the coolie, went to fetch it and returned with a look of solemn importance, carrying a little can containing a dainty repast. On the newspaper tablecloth I spread it—roast pigeon, stewed water-chestnuts, and taro, bread and peanut butter, and juicy golden loquats. Then to complete it Mrs. Shek sent over a cup of hot cocoa in one of her

precious little foreign cups and a plate of foreign biscuits!

So I suppose for the first time in all its life that old house saw somebody "ask a blessing" before taking a meal.

I didn't want to lose any more doors, so Brother Three cheerfully consented to act as watchman. His arrangements for the night were certainly in accordance with the "Rules For a Simple Life." He just removed one of the doors, placed it on the floor, wrapped a piece of newspaper round a brick to serve as pillow, and there was his bed. Beside it he placed his tiny earthenware lamp and a box of Japanese matches, and then he "laid him down in peace and slept"—a sure sign that he believed that "The Lord only made him to dwell in safety," for a heathen man would be terrified of demons and spirits if left alone in that empty, silent house.

During the next few days carpenters and masons were in possession, boarding the damp earth floors of the most necessary rooms, and putting a plentiful sprinkling of lime beneath the boards, "pink"-washing the walls and replacing broken tiles, so that at last the house has quite a clean and homey "feel" about it. But let me warn you when you come to call—don't rub your best coat sleeves against my walls, for alas! the "pink-wash" comes off at the slightest touch. My one consolation is that the mixture of lime has probably done its work, and destroyed the germs harboured in every niche and cranny.

I was going to tell you about the furnishing next, but this letter is too long already, and even as I write I can hear the little steam launch, that is to take it down the river, shrieking and screaming impatiently to warn every one that she intends to start this morning.

JUNE 18, SATURDAY.

I'VE been "out to dinner" to-day, so if my letter is rather stodgy, you will know the "reason why." There is one particular friend of H.'s, whose wife kindly invites the Landises and myself to come to eat rice and talk doctrine, and I confess I dread these invitations !

This morning I was to meet Mrs. and Miss Landis at Mrs. Au's at 12 o'clock. Oh ! the heat as I made my way through the busiest streets of the town, to the quieter street where the Au's live. I found the Landises already sitting in the guest-room—little Frederic, gazing solemnly round, and asking in a loud voice—fortunately in English—"Mumma, when are we going to have dinner ?"

First a "light" (?) lunch appeared, a sort of rice jelly balls, of which we had to demolish enormous quantities. Fortunately they were digestible and not greasy, so I managed fairly well. Then came a long, long afternoon. We sat round and talked, while two little slaves and the daughter-in-law scurried round, getting the feast ready. Miss Landis had a good long talk with the hostess on the "Doctrine." I told Frederic stories in another corner, for he was getting very tired, and every ten minutes demanded in a loud voice—"Mumma, let's go home *anyhow* !"

The meal appeared at last, and after getting through a bowl and a half of rice and a goodly amount of "sung"—chicken, dried prawns, pork, etc., I came home in a sedan chair, and sank on to my bed to try to recover from the

effects. A fresh breeze this evening has restored my energy, so I have suddenly attacked my faithful old typewriter before going to bed. I know I've been very bad at writing lately, but if you knew all the arranging and fitting in and altering we have had to do you would sympathize. Then I suddenly took to my bed a little while ago with an attack of what H. most aggravatingly called "sub-acute rheumatism"—I call it mockery to stand by the bedside of a groaning mortal who feels as if her joints were swollen to the size of melons, and who could weep with the pain, and tell her that anything so obviously ACUTE was merely sub-acute. Then to crown it all, H. himself must needs have an attack of fever, so we were both down at the same time and could neither of us look after the other. Our new cook had just arrived and didn't even know how to boil an egg. Faithful old Shuk Poh did her best, but what with patients who persisted in coming, and kind friends who came to inquire after us, we were almost at our wits' end sometimes. The Commissioner was kindness itself, and sent over a dozen bottles of soda-water, and came every day to see if he could do anything to help.

We sighed many times for an able-bodied sister to come to the rescue. One day I thought I would keep a record of events just as a specimen. H. could hardly raise his head from his pillow, so I crawled out of bed and limped round as well as I could—I was *beginning* to mend, fortunately. This is how the journal runs—

June 4. Early morning.—Servant brought tea and a note to say—"This little girl is ill. Please prescribe." H. too weak to see her. I am better—can hobble about, so make up medicine under his directions. Come back to tepid tea. "Please there's a man waiting, who wants some medicine for his eyes." Unlock the dispensary, hobble in again, send the man off with ointment. Snatch a little

time for my Jeremiah chapter. Take my own temperature, 99·2. Am in the midst of making up a horrible mixture for myself, prescribed by H., when Miss Landis calls. Scramble into decent clothes, kiss Miss Landis and sit down to talk, with an inward consciousness that it's time for H.'s breakfast. Order a cup of milk for H. to "stay his pangs." Miss Landis very concerned about this damp house—says won't we try a houseboat. If we did we should have to keep on this house as well, to store our goods and chattels!

Note with "kind inquiries" from the Commissioner. "Is there anything I can do?" I write, "Yes, please; I should be grateful for the loan of three bottles of soda-water. We tried to get it in the town and they sent us lemonade and sarsaparilla!" Boy arrives from the Commissioner's with a dozen soda-water bottles! Patient waiting, sore on the sole of his foot, puts it up to show. H. sits up in bed to look at it—leprosy. Make up ointment. Fee, fourpence. Patient departs and I wash my hands and the fourpence.

"Please, ma'am, what for breakfast?" "Poached eggs." I hobble to the kitchen and instruct the new cook how to poach them. Hobble back to our room and help H. to devour the same. H. revives under the influence of soda-water.

Quinine tabloids all gone. I have to get servants to unpack a new case of drugs and hunt for some more. Triumph—tabloids "unearthed" and a space for the drugs cleared in the dispensary. I lie down for a little rest and then find it is 4.30 and the cook has forgotten afternoon tea and gone out shopping. Change dressing-gown for Chinese garments and am no sooner dressed than I hear Mr. Mansfield yelling "Doc" in the front courtyard. Mr. Neubrunn appears also, and I give them tea in the little dining-room, and prepare

cocoa for H. at the same time. They invade our bedroom to express sympathy for H. and finally depart.

Two men arrive with a new cupboard for the dining-room, and I set to work to arrange our crockery in it, etc. Up to now one of our bedroom doors, supported on boxes and draped with one of Hilda's ever useful pulkaris, has done duty as sideboard and cupboard. Give minute instructions to boy as to dinner, and after dinner retire to bed as limp as a rag.

* * * * *

So endeth my journal. Now I am thankful to say our fever and rheumatics have practically disappeared, and we are both in full work. Patients are coming in well, and are much easier to manage than they used to be in Kuei Lin. And the cook is getting quite clever already !

MEDICAL MISSION, NANNING,
S. CHINA.

JULY 3, 1907.

MY DEAR BOY AND GIRL FRIENDS,—

You have all been so kind in sending money, and dolls and bandages and scrapbooks, that I feel I should like to write a letter to every single one of you, but if I did that I should have no time to do any missionary work. So instead of that I am going to write six letters on my typewriter, six letters all at one time—and all the same. And one will go to Ceylon, one to Carlisle, one to London, one to Ireland, and one to Scotby.

First of all I want to tell you what is becoming of the things you have sent me. The money is helping to give medicine to the children of poor Chinese, who cannot afford to buy it for themselves. The dolls are used in all sorts of different ways. Sometimes I give one to a little patient, and you *would* like to see how they love to have a doll of their own. The other day a Mandarin sent his two children to see Dr. Clift—the little girl had to have some medicine put into her eyes, which was very uncomfortable, but she didn't cry a bit. I gave her a little doll. But her brother had to have his ear syringed, and he kicked and screamed and ran away. So I said if he would sit still and have it done I would give him a doll too, but he just wouldn't! The next day one of his father's menservants came and begged me to give him a little doll, and then he would let the doctor syringe

his ear. So I gave him the doll, but the naughty little boy still refuses to sit still, and I am afraid he will become quite deaf some day. However, his mother and sisters and brother have all started coming to the meetings, and his sister's eyes are much better, so I hope they will become really interested in the Gospel, and throw away their idols. They all came last Sunday to our morning service, which is held in our little dining-room and guest-room.

The women and children sit in the guest-room, and I had to hang up a curtain so that the men could not see them, for it is not proper for men and women to sit in the same room in China. So we sat behind the curtain, where we could just see Dr. Clift when he preached, but none of the men in the congregation could see us. They can hear the music when I play the hymns, but they can't see the organ.

You would think it queer to see the grand lady in her silk clothes smoking a big pipe during the service and making my nice clean floorboards all dirty with her tobacco—but she will know better by and bye. If I told her now that she mustn't smoke, she would never come back to hear the Gospel again.

Then last of all I must tell you about the bandages, dressings and scrapbooks. We use them for all sorts of patients. The other day a poor woman brought a tiny baby girl, who had boils all over her head. One had to be cut open, and the little thing cried very much. Then the place was washed and some medicine put on, and it was all nicely bandaged up. I do hope the mother will come to the meetings now and get to know Jesus Christ as her Saviour. The scrapbooks are given to patients to look at while they are waiting their turn, and they like the foreign pictures very much.

I have a secret to tell you—we have very nearly bought a good piece of land near the river, where we hope to build a hospital. It has a Chinese house which we shall have to

alter a good deal before we can live in it, and then we shall have to pull down some filthy old cottages and clear away a lot of rubbish. Please pray that God will give us enough money to build a very nice hospital and dispensary and preaching hall.

People call us missionaries because we have come out to China, but you who are working at home and doing it for Christ's sake, and because you want the Chinese to come to Jesus, are every bit as much missionaries as we are !

JULY 10, 1907.

I FEEL so sorry to think that the newspapers have evidently been publishing tremendously exaggerated accounts of the trouble near Pakhoi! The home letters are full of anxiety about us, and speak of our having no doubt had to leave our station! Whereas here we are working away serenely and sleeping soundly in our beds at night, free from any fear of evil. The fact is there *was* trouble, caused by some extra taxes levied on the country people, to meet the expenses of the gaudy new colleges they have been putting up, where Western learning is to be taught!

The ignorant people argue this way—

“The officials are squeezing money out of us to build these grand colleges, which we don’t want. In the colleges they teach Western science. Who has put them up to such mad ideas? It must be the Westerners themselves. Let us try to get rid of all officials and obnoxious Westerners.”

But the officials value their skins very highly, and have put out a poster offering a large reward for any one who captures the leader of the gang. All we have heard of it here is that a poster was put up threatening to kill officials and foreigners, but it was immediately torn down by official orders, and nothing more has happened. As to the appearance of such posters, it is nothing to worry about in a Chinese city.

In Wuhu, for instance, Mr. Mansfield tells us, they were perpetually putting notices up, even on the missionaries’

houses, to say that all the foreigners would be found dead in their beds the next morning, and so on—but nothing ever happened. If the Commissioner really feared any trouble, you may be sure he would advise us to go down to the coast forthwith. Alas ! I fear I shall be trotting down that way in a fortnight. H. insists on my going for a holiday this August, though he can't leave himself. It's very dull going off alone ; I shall take my woman, Shuk Poh, as far as Wuchow, and go on by river steamer to Hong Kong. The Bunburys, C.M.S. missionaries, have invited me to stay with them in their bungalow on the Kowloon Hills, opposite Hong Kong. It is right away from every one and everything, and very cold, and, moreover, it is quite easy to run over to Hong Kong, so I am looking forward to it, for I have not been in "civilized parts" for so long ! My antiquated foreign-clothes wardrobe is the thing that weighs on my mind at present—I hadn't reckoned on invitations to the coast when I went into Chinese costume, and even though I wear foreign clothes now, when I go out with H., they are not the blouse and skirt kind that one wears at home, but sort of loose, ugly bed-jacket arrangements, for one is not permitted to have a waist in China ! I must write a journal on—

HOW THE COUNTRY MOUSE WENT TO TOWN,

I think, and give you my experiences.

Yesterday's post brought such an interesting letter from Mr. Wicks, C.M.S. missionary in Limchau, that I want to copy it for you. It gives the truth about the Limchau trouble, which has been hard to get at from other sources. It makes me glad to think that if ever we had to fly, we have not many valuable possessions to lose—excepting the instruments and drugs, though of course one's household gods have a value in one's own eyes. He says—

“For some months past the people have been very un-

settled in Hom Chau, seventy miles north-west of Limchau, and in the beginning of June, matters were brought to a crisis through the imposition of new taxes, and there was open rebellion, under the leadership of a man, named Lau U, who had had his home destroyed by the soldiers.

“ By the middle of the month, people in and around Limchau began to get very excited owing to shortage of rice, brought about by the rich landowners, who were not willing to sell to the people, except at exorbitant prices. Although one or two proclamations, threatening death to all foreigners and vowing vengeance on the officials and government schools, had been posted in Limchau and Pakhoi, we did not anticipate immediate danger. However, on the 23rd inst. a big crowd went out to the Government School near Ts'at Ma's house, wrecked and partially burnt it. They then entered the city and looted Sz Shuk's house (one of the Christians), carrying off everything, including things which Mackenzie had left behind, and smashed the windows, etc. Mr. So and his wife were living there and lost all their belongings, but escaped personal injury. Wong, the Catechist, was not so fortunate, he was caught by the mob, and owing probably to the fact that he is rather foreign-looking, being minus a queue, etc., was badly knocked about, having one fractured rib, and severe splits on hand and face, and was rendered unconscious. They afterwards said he was a “ ka lo fan ”—a pretence foreigner. From there the crowd came across to our house by the North Temple. We were having tiffin, when Chau rushed in, saying they were coming. I looked out of the window, and saw the advance party, so quickly decided to leave the house with Amy. We walked through the gate quietly; there were a score or more already assembled, but they allowed us to pass, merely hooting. We took refuge in the Military Yamen near the East Gate. The officials were in great fear, as they had only

a few, perhaps thirty or forty, soldiers to protect us. The crowd entered our house and appropriated everything, even to our mattresses, only leaving the heavy furniture. The building was not greatly damaged, only a few windows, etc., being broken.

“The Dispensary, a new building just opened, also shared the fate of the others, and the medicine was either carried off or poured out. One wonders if they have burnt their fingers with a big bottle of pure carbolic, which was stored there ! The servants also lost all their possessions. On the night of the 26th we were escorted to Pakhoi by fifty “braves,” where we found all the missionaries in the Doctor’s house. . . . Our hearts are full of praise to God for His unspeakable mercies. His hand was so manifest in all. Owing to disquieting reports from Limchau, the Consul ordered the ladies to leave the port, and as Mrs. Wicks and I had no clothes beyond what we stood in, we came too. If possible we hope to return to Pakhoi on July 15 or 16.”

SATURDAY, JULY 12.

YESTERDAY Mr. Mansfield came in to tea and told us that the Customs had actually received a telegram, asking if it was really true that Nanning was taken by the rebels, and adding that the British gunboat *Moorhen* had started at once for Nanning, but could not proceed owing to the low water ! It would be interesting to know how they got hold of such a wonderful report. We are all as quiet as can be—nothing so exciting as a rebel to be seen, and a German gunboat in the port to protect us if necessary !

The Chinese in the Customs said what a good idea it would be for the crew of the German gunboat to go down in sampans, and let the British crew come up—merely a simple matter of changing boats, as the British gunboat wants to come up, but cannot get here, and the Germans want to go down ! A thoroughly Chinese idea.

Just at the time of the rumours it happened that all the American missionaries from Lungchow and Nanning—six in number with two children—took steamer to Wuchow for their Annual Conference. The report immediately spread through the city that the foreigners had fled, owing to the disturbances ! So H. and I made a point of walking through the main business streets of the city, to show that we were still here. It was so ridiculous, because there was nothing to run away from !

It has been terrifically hot the last week—life was something of a struggle, and I felt wickedly lazy, but we both feel we are ending the week with the comfortable consciousness that we have got through a fair amount of work to-day.

SHA TEEN BUNGALOW,
NEAR THE CITY OF THE NINE DRAGONS,
MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1907.

AS I sit at this window, looking out on the green slope of the mountain opposite, I feel as if I have come home to Cumberland again ! Picture a little house built of grey-brown stone, nestling between two hills, right at the very top of a pass leading from one valley to the other. On one side we look down on to Kowloon, the City of the Nine Dragons, and away over the water, to Hong Kong—but the other side is the view I love, steep mountain slopes, a little winding path, streams rushing down over grey boulders, tiny ferns peeping out of damp mossy crevices, and in the distance a glimpse of water, which is really the sea, but might just as well be one of the Cumberland lakes.

The fresh sea air is making me feel tremendously energetic—I have been up since half-past six this morning and typing this before breakfast. The sweetest little maiden has just come trotting in, all excitement to know what I am doing. She has climbed up on my lap and says, “ I want to do letters too.” . . . We have been having great games, and now she has climbed down and trotted off again to hide, I fear, and evade the “ Arm of the Law,” or rather that of her nurse, who wants to carry her off to bed.

It is just a little over a fortnight since I left Nanning. I travelled with my Christian woman, Shuk Poh, as far as Wuchow, and went up the hill to the Alliance Mission, where

I stayed for a week. It was wonderful to come flying down the river in exactly two days—the river which had taken ten days to ascend last January. The little steamer, *Tien Kong* or *Lightning River*, is really a great boon. She draws so little water that she can run even when the river is at its lowest. The women's quarters are downstairs with the cargo; that is, unless you want to pay a big price for a cabin the size of a small packing case. When I first saw my corner I was dismayed—it looked even more public and uncomfortable than the old native steamer, but the men set to work, and transformed it with the help of a few boards, a number of bales of rice and some sacking, into quite a roomy cubicle, which I had to myself. During the second day a little lady from another curtained corner came over to pay me a visit. I talked to her some time and she told me that both her babies had died a month or two ago, and her husband was so angry with her that he had already bought a second wife. Poor little woman, she was so young and so sorrowful. She wanted to know if I wouldn't let her come and live with me when I went back to Nanning!

I joined the Canton party, as a Chinese friend of mine, Mrs. Chun, had invited me to go with her and spend the night with her and her sister-in-law in Canton.

I expect lots of people would think it rather a funny thing for a missionary to go and stay with Chinese like that, but I thoroughly enjoyed it, and the more I see of these educated Christian women, the more I love and respect them. So Mrs. Chun, Shuk Poh and I took our passages on the big river steamer, the *Nanning*. Mrs. Chun and Shuk Poh went second class (Chinese) and I went first class (Chinese) with two Swedish people, Mr. and Mrs. Christopherson and their little son, and Miss Dyer and Mr. Sherman, Americans. We women shared a cabin with a Tai Tai and her family—they had piled up their belongings so that they had half of it quite

to themselves and we had our own half. Our part of the ship was shut off by iron gratings and gates from the first class portion, reserved for foreigners. For this is the very line of boats by which Dr. Macdonald was travelling when he was killed, and day and night armed watchmen stand before the gates. They are very careful now the danger is over !

In the afternoon we had our own little tea, with foreign bread and butter, but in the evening we "ate Chinese," and I took some photographs which I do hope will turn out well. One was the foreign tea table, and the other, which Mr. Sherman took for me, was our party at breakfast with rice bowls and chopsticks. He took it when we were not expecting it, and I only hope I was not in the act of ladling rice into my mouth *à la Chinese*, with the bowl up to my lips ! This part of the journey was all new to me, that is to say the part near Canton, long flat stretches, acres and acres of rice, groves of bananas, and pagodas everywhere. I see now where the popular idea of China comes from. I felt as if I were living in the pictures one sees on tea boxes, etc. It is all so different from our up-country scenery. At Canton I parted from my foreign friends, and Mrs. Chun took me under her wing. She is a very quiet, dignified little woman; not beautiful, but with a way about her which makes people listen.

I was thankful she knew Canton and Canton ways, for just as I was coming down the gangway to step on to the boat where Shuk Poh was already waiting in charge of my luggage, a most fearful fight began between our boat-woman and the men on the next boat. She fought and struggled, and even three men couldn't hold her. It was dreadful. I have never seen men fight with a woman in China before. They generally retire and send out their womenkind to do the fighting, and as a rule it is only by tongue. For instance,

two women will sit down opposite each other and scream out, "I hope your son will die," and "I hope *your* son will die," and keep on saying the same thing for hours, while the crowd stands by and watches to see who will hold out the longest, for the one who speaks last wins ! But this was a real struggle with hands, and finally the men seemed to get the best of it, and suddenly away went my boat, with Shuk Poh seated in the midst of my boxes ! Mrs. Chun got the excited people to tell her where they had gone. "Oh ! they had gone to get compensation for the damage done to the boat by the men, and wouldn't be back for two hours !" I was in despair. I had only a few hours in which to see Canton and do my shopping, and we were stranded on the steamer in mid-stream ! But gentle Mrs. Chun set to work ; she didn't lose her temper, but reasoned on and on until she had them in submission, and they consented to get another boat and take us in search of the lost luggage, and Shuk Poh. I imagine the boat-woman's sister was the one who took us in search. Anyhow, after a time we came across the luggage and poor dismayed old Shuk Poh and proceeded to our destination without further trouble. Mrs. Chun's sister is the teacher in the Canton Wesleyan school, which adjoins the missionaries' bungalow. But as all the foreigners were away, I saw nothing of them, and we went straight to the schoolmistresses' quarters. Peace and her sister came out to welcome us. Peace was my little teacher while I was staying in Wuchow, and now she is a scholar here. They gave me afternoon tea and biscuits, and then we started out on a shopping expedition. Down narrow mysterious streets, with not a foreign face to be seen anywhere, now past fruit shops with great piles of pineapples, lichees and wooden-looking pears, now past idol shops and bootmakers, until we came to a grand place where they sold feather fans. There were fans everywhere, great long feather fans with

ivory or bone handles and softest down, curious twisted quill fans for the men, and broader, softer fans for the women. I came away with five, which Mrs. Chun purchased for me after a long, long discussion over prices, and we went on to big china shops where I spent some more money. I could have spent pounds and pounds—the cups and bowls and quaint teapots were so fascinating. But it was getting dark and we made our way home again. That night I slept in a big empty dormitory, for it is holiday time and all the pupils are away. The women were so good and kind, and did everything they could think of to make me comfortable, and finally the next morning saw me off on to the steamer for Hong Kong.

SHA TEEN BUNGALOW,
NEAR KOWLOON, CHINA.

AUGUST 16, 1907.

SINCE I wrote last, I've just been "enjoying of myself," and doing nothing most of the day. For the first week we couldn't even go out for walks, for the rain poured down every day, and typhoon signals were hoisted in the harbour. We had the tail-end of a typhoon one morning, and the shutters all had to be closed and barred, while we read and worked by lamplight in the stifling air of the sitting-room! Outside the wind howled and raged round the house, and I could imagine a little bit what it must have been like last September, when that awful typhoon swept over the harbour, and was gone again in two hours. For it comes as suddenly as it goes, and the sun appears and everything is as calm as if there had been no storm for a very long time. The people have been so nervous since that dreadful time, and now the boats go into shelter at the least sign of a storm coming.

So we spent our time indoors. I try to do a little typing each day, as I have a supply of short stories on hand for *Our Own Magazine*. In the evenings we are rubbing up our history, and Mr. Bunbury reads aloud to us Bishop Creighton's *Age of Elizabeth*.

Little four-year-old Doris is a great friend of mine, and we have a good time, sometimes playing with the typewriter and making the mysterious bell ring, sometimes

cutting out paper dolls and drawing farmyards. Doris can speak the most correct English to her mother and father, but she quite realizes that the Chinese servants don't understand that kind of talk, so she talks to *them* in the most correct *pidgin* English.

She wanted to find the cat the other day. And we heard her say—

“ Boy, I wantchee you findee Mother Pussy.”

And the boy said—

“ I no savee Mother Pussy what side. You must go look see ! ”

There was once an English lady who came to Hong Kong and engaged a “ boy ” who could speak English. But she was exasperated to find that though she spoke very distinctly, he did not understand.

“ You told me you understood English, boy ! How is it you do not understand what I say ? ”

“ Mississee talkee plover English, I savee ! Mississee no talkee plover English, I no savee ! ”

The excitement of the day (for me) is when the daily messenger arrives with his bundles. Sometimes it is a “ he ” and sometimes a “ she.” I want to get her photograph, in her big coolie hat with a pole over her shoulder ; on one side is slung a big basket and on the other a large tin can, and these contain the provisions for the day *and* the letters ! How I seize my share of those letters ! The woman has to carry these things up the steep slope of the hill, for we are 1,000 feet above sea-level. But that is nothing to the burden the chair-bearers have to carry. It is a most extraordinary sensation to be carried down the hill at such a sharp angle that you are almost upright, and have simply to cling on to the chair poles with all your might to keep from falling out headlong. I took a snapshot of my front “ horse's ” head ; I hope it will turn out

well. He looked so quaint, with his pigtail twisted up and his hat stuck on one side.

My letters have brought me nothing but good news lately. H. says the weather is much cooler, and he is well. Patients have been coming in in good numbers. He was called to an outside case one day, and thought the people looked poor and would probably not be able to pay. But as he was coming away they pressed a little packet into his hand containing the usual fee of 5 dollars. H. went to dinner with the officers on the German gunboat, which is still stuck up at Nanning, on account of the low water, and he and the doctor were comparing notes.

The German doctor said that during his last year at home he treated 1,200 patients, and about fifty of them said "Thank you." H. said his experience was that the more the patients paid for treatment the more grateful they were ! He is still trying to settle the property business, and his last letter said that the man was at last making out the deed of sale, so I hope soon to hear that we are "landed proprietors" !

MEDICAL MISSION, NANNING.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1907.

THESE are rather "muddly" days, when Chinese lessons are interrupted by masons or carpenters or bricklayers, and we live in picnic style, while our floor-boards are gradually disappearing from this house and re-appearing again in our new home.

The transformation there is wonderful! I have not been able to go out for a week as H. has been laid up with fever, but yesterday afternoon we made another expedition, and I hardly recognized the house. Windows have been opened in blank walls, rooms whitewashed and flooring put down—it's going to be just the dearest little home!

H. is so glad to be up again and able to look after things. He was very good and kept well all the time I was away, and then just after I got back the weather was extraordinarily hot, and there had been no rain for so long to wash away the microbes, that the consequence was he suddenly developed fever and a bad cold. It was wonderful that I had got home so soon, for when I arrived in Wuchow I found poor Shuk Poh in the Wesleyan Hospital, very, very ill. They had despaired of her life, but Dr. Rees said when I got there that she was over the worst. It seems she was crossing a courtyard, slipped and fell, and afterwards noticed a tiny scratch on her knee. Some poison had got in and she had a dreadful time: had to have chloroform and five drainage tubes put in. Poor old dear!

"The pain was so bad I asked the Heavenly Father to let me die," she said.

China is so *filthy*, that if they run a nail or a thorn into

their feet it seems to set up poisoning at once. Only yesterday H. had a coolie, who came with a wound in his foot caused by broken glass. He said—

“ I heard that a man, who had run a nail into his foot, came to the doctor and was well in two days. And who ever heard of any one getting cured as quickly as that ! ”

So I had to leave Shuk Poh behind, and come on all alone. I did *hate* travelling alone, but I hated more to think of waiting on at Wuchow, when I had promised, if *possible*, to return by the very first boat. I had a tiny cabin to myself on the *Lightning River*, and was nearly roasted alive. The Chinese boys were very good to me, and got me boiling water for my tea, etc., whenever I wanted it. I ate “ Chinese ” too, but I don’t think I can ever do it again on that steamer after what I heard goes on in that kitchen ! Mr. Landis, when he came up a week or two before me, looked into the kitchen, and how do you think the tea is made ?

Every passenger brings his own teapot in a basket lined with padded cottonwool, covered with flowered material. The cottonwool is taken from old bedquilts, and the flowered material has certainly seen brighter days. The little half-naked boy, brown as a berry, skips round, yelling “ Make tea, boiling water. Who wants boiling water ? ” And every one seizes his teabasket and brings out a teapot. Then the boy runs down to the kitchen, where is a great pan of boiling water—and he dips these *dirty* teapots into the pan, and holds them there by turn until they are filled ! I *thought* that sometimes the tea had a funny flavour.

We got into Nanning early on Monday morning, and there was H. coming across the river in a little boat, ready to meet me when I landed on the great raft upon which stands the Customs House. Everybody was most kind in welcoming me back ; my luggage was taken off, and I stood

there surrounded by "belongings": an old second-hand stove for heating our house, two hampers of roots, provisions, four chairs, my cabin box, topee, umbrella, to say nothing of a jar from which a sticky stream of sugar was flowing. For alas! the coolies had managed to drop my box of stores in the river at Wuchow, and they were only rescued from a watery grave after great difficulty. Sugar, dried fruit, beans, etc., were all in a sodden condition! And the kind missionary, who fished up my box, had himself nearly followed it into the water.

It was very good to be home again, and I have lived in a whirl ever since—trying to get my household into order, helping with patients, preparing for our "move."

The trouble about the rebels is passing over. People are settling down again and reopening their shops. The stream of men and women flying to the country has ceased, and everything is going back to its normal condition. We are glad; we did *not* want to be sent away, but I think Mr Mansfield is quite sorry. He was looking forward to a flight into French China, to break the monotony of existence in Nanning.

The funniest part of it all was the sudden epidemic of weddings! People couldn't even wait to choose a lucky day; they were in such a hurry to get their daughters married and safely in the care of their husbands! Our little punkah-and-dispensary boy suddenly gave notice, and we found that the reason was—his aunt thought all the foreigners were going to be killed, and her nephew might share the same fate. The family is dreadfully poor, and little "Fifty-Seven" had grown quite plump while he was here; I am very sorry to lose him. I asked the coolie if the boy had taken away his belongings. Ah Sam smiled quietly and said, "He has taken his coat." That was evidently the extent of his luggage!

SEPTEMBER 28, 1907.

NANNING people have been having a lively time this week. Sunday was the yearly Moon Feast. After sunset there was a fusillade of crackers—a tremendous noise and excitement in this usually quiet street. Every one had been feasting earlier in the evening, and when it was dark they all turned out into the street to fire off crackers and then to worship the Harvest Moon, and by and by to eat the solid-looking cakes, which had already been offered to the “Queen of Heaven”—sort of mincemeat affairs, including pork and other dainties. I want to taste one, but H. shudders at the thought!

The moon goddess was once a beautiful woman—Chang Ngo—but she drank the Elixir of Immortality and went to the moon, where she was changed into a toad. If your eye was properly trained to look at things from a Chinese point of view, you would see the outline of the toad marked by the shadows in the moon, which you have been brought up to think of as the shadows of extinct volcanoes.

I went into the courtyard late at night; it seemed so incongruous to see that beautiful moon shining above, and to hear the bang-bang of crackers fired by her worshippers. Crackers sound so undignified and Guy-Fawkes'-Day-like! The Moon Feast falls on the fifteenth day of the eighth Chinese month, and there were rumours in the town that “something” was going to happen on that day, but everything was quiet. The “Fifteenth Day of the

Eighth Moon " was a sort of watchword among the Boxers during the year of the Troubles. But matters came to a crisis sooner than they had planned, and they did not wait for the feast day.

There is still a good deal of disturbance in the city and surrounding country. The Native Customs have been "squeezing" the merchants more than ever, and the merchants are going "on strike." Meanwhile, bands of thieves are taking advantage of the false rumours against the New Customs—and this is the kind of thing they do. Not far from here they waylaid a man, bringing goods into the city, and said—

"You must pay Customs duty on those two umbrellas."

"Duty on these two umbrellas!" cried the man. "I never heard of such a thing!"

"Oh, yes; don't you know the New Foreign Customs are taxing everything now?"

"I won't pay," said the indignant man. Then there was a struggle, and finally the thieves got possession of his pack and threw it into the water! So wags the story.

As for rebels, they still leave us in peace, but there are between three and four thousand soldiers in the city now to protect us. Soldiers swarm round the south gate, and stare at me as we pass to and fro—such rough-looking men they are. The first time they seemed to spring out of the ground on all sides, and I thought we were going to be mobbed. But they only wanted to have a "look-see." I may as well confess to you, my dears, that I am the most miserable "funk" imaginable, and it makes me feel small when you write such glowing letters, and say "You brave child," etc. My vivid imagination (!!) is always on the alert to make the most of everything—"I have suffered many troubles, most of which have never happened."

We think the scare has rather hindered the patients

coming lately, although some days H. is kept quite busy. He is getting a good name for treating children, and has the most forlorn little objects brought to him sometimes. I *never* saw such abscesses as these children have. To-day a father brought his little son with an abscess the size of a big plum over his left eye. While it was being opened and washed and dressed, another patient was standing by watching—an old boatman. Suddenly in the midst of the operation the old man reeled and fell down fainting. Whether it was the sight of the blood flowing from the child's forehead or that he had been standing too long, I don't know. We got him on to a chair, and off he went again. I got very anxious and thought he was in a fit, but he soon came round and was helped out into the courtyard, where our faithful old coolie supported him with one hand and fanned him with a fan in the other.

The Moon Feast being a great time for giving presents, some of our patients have sent round gifts. On Saturday we received a basket of pears (as hard as wood), some pumeloes, a pair of slippers and two chickens, and on Sunday some green oranges. I always have to scuttle away, seize a small silver coin, wrap it up in red paper and slip it into the empty basket before the servant goes—this being the correct “etiquette” in China.

Speaking of servants reminds me that we have a new one. Little Ah Tsat—“Number Fifty-Seven,” to give his full name—has invited us to call another man, and has departed, afraid lest he should get mixed up in any trouble that might come upon the foreigners. So now we have a man who rejoices in the name of “Eleven.” We are going through the numerals. In Kuei Lin we had “Eighty-Eight,” so called because his grandfather had reached that venerable age when this little boy entered the world. Fifty-seven in the same way rejoiced in a grandfather fifty-seven

years old at the time of his birth. The cook and Brother Three, the coolie, both come third in their respective families, and I have no doubt that this new, sturdy coolie rejoices in ten older brothers or sisters. Old Brother Three, in his prayer the first morning after Eleven's arrival, thought it well that the new man should have a good "grounding," so he began at Genesis—

"Oh, Lord, in the beginning Thou didst make the world, and Thou didst make one man and one woman; and, oh Lord, the man was called Adam and the woman was called Eve". . . . and so on and so on, until I wondered if we were going to be personally conducted from Genesis to Revelation. Don't you think the angels must smile sometimes when they hear the prayers that ascend?

OCTOBER 3, 1907.

THE great move is an accomplished fact, and this is my first letter written in our own home ! Oh, the deliciousness of being in a clean, airy room, and away from the odours of the " piggery " which was our next-door neighbour in " Noon Grandfather Street." The house was nothing like finished when we came in, but our coming happened on this wise—

On Sunday morning H. preached and was quite well, but in the evening he had a violent headache and was evidently beginning with fever again, and I began to feel rather desperate. We were living in a muddle. The floorboards had nearly all been taken to the new house and the " earth-air," as the Chinese call it, was rising, and everything felt damp and mouldy. So at last I said, " Let us move to-morrow, even though the house is not really ready." And H. said " Yes." So the next morning the fun began. Old Brother Three thought " the sooner the better," and before I had had my bath, he had got a crowd of shouting coolies in the courtyard. All my little plans as to which furniture was to go first and where each thing was to be put, were scattered to the winds ! The coolies seized everything, and trotted off with their loads before I had finished gasping. *Such* a furniture removal you *never* saw ! I was at my wits end. There were at least four things to be done at the very same moment.

"Seni, this box is not locked. Have you got the key?"—from the boy.

"Seni, there is a patient waiting for medicine for his eyes."

"What shall we carry? What shall we carry?"—from the horde in the courtyard.

"Win, I should like my dark spectacles when you have time to look for them"—from my poor patient in the next room.

H. got up and dressed later on, and felt better after breakfast. Then two sedan chairs came for us, and we ran round to catch the beloved cats, who were to ride with us to our new home. But—be caught they would not! The noise of the coolies had terrified them. Under beds, behind boxes, through any hole, up on the tiles they flew, and at last we had to be content with Pat, who had succumbed to the bait of a saucer of milk, and to leave Puck behind.

Puck arrived later, feeling keenly the indignity of his position in an old sack—borne solemnly along by Brother Three.

Everything had been dumped into the middle room, and as soon as I had got H. to lie down on the sofa, the servants and I set to work and sorted things out, with the result that by tea-time the middle room was divided in half by our bamboo screens, and the dining-room was more or less arranged. To my joy, the experiment worked wonders, and by the evening H. was ever so much better and at work himself!

Perhaps you would laugh at our ecstasies over everything—the sense of space and the delicious "feel" of the south wind, which is blowing in at our bedroom windows—the trees which we look out on to—the little cottages gradually developing into clean, whitewashed dispensary and waiting-rooms—the kitchen *and* the store-room, where at last I can lock things up. We could sing the Doxology all day long.

On Tuesday, when we were having afternoon tea with Mr. Landis, who had come in to say good-bye, before going to a Native Conference at Kwaiping—we saw two figures in exquisite silk gowns, picking their way across what will some day be a tiny garden—Mr. Shek and Mr. Kung, the writer to the Customs. Almost simultaneously a little procession came in at the back door, headed by a man carrying a fine, red-lacquered board with gold Chinese characters on it. After tea the whole party made their way to the consulting-room. I stayed behind, being only a woman. But by and bye I heard such a tremendous explosion of crackers that my curiosity could resist no longer, and I went down to find them all standing round the front guest-room in clouds of blue smoke, with a bountiful sprinkling of red paper on the floor. They were gazing at the board fixed high up on the whitewashed wall, its gold characters gleaming—

“He who has come from over the seas has an illustrious name as a healer.” And at the side the names of the two grateful donors, Mr. Shek and Mr. Kung, who have both been cured of very serious illnesses.

The street looked on with the very deepest interest, and was duly impressed. From the temple opposite the quaintest little figure came over to congratulate us on our new home. At first I was not sure if it was a man or a woman—loose blue cotton trousers, a coat like a man’s, and a perfectly clean-shaven head, a brown face and two kindly, twinkling eyes. She is a Buddhist nun, and has charge of the women’s temple opposite.

“I will come and visit you and you will teach me the Doctrine. I know about it. Mrs. Macdonald in Wuchow used to talk to me about the True God.”

Then when later on we were talking about idols—

“Yes, yes—eyes, but they see not, ears, but they hear

not. That is it, isn't it, Seni? Mrs. Macdonald told me about it," and her eyes twinkled with merriment to think that she remembered so much.

Yesterday she came with an old lady of eighty-two, dressed in brown silk and attended by a slave girl with a palm leaf fan.

"I have brought you a visitor to hear the Doctrine," she said in great excitement. "She wants to thank the doctor because he healed her son."

Events come thick and fast in our quiet lives just now. Last Wednesday was a thrilling day. I had meant to have my women's meeting in the afternoon, so after breakfast we went down to the women's guest-room, which opens on to the street, and hung up scrolls and pictures, making the bare whitewashed walls look most attractive! You come in through the open door, and on your right is a series of pictures painted by a Chinese artist in striking colours on calico. First—the Man with the Burden of Sin. The Buddhist priest exhorts him to burn incense and to make offerings to the idol, but still the burden remains.

In the next picture Evangelist tells him how to enter the Strait Gate, and there the burden rolls off, and the man is seen singing the New Song. The artist has indicated the New Song by a series of waving lines issuing from his lips.

Then comes the Chinese Prodigal, who leaves his father's house in a sedan-chair, and smokes opium and gambles, and is seen later on surrounded by very Chinese-looking pigs in a field (Chinese pigs all look as if their backs were broken).

Lastly—the Rich Man and Lazarus. The rich man wears a long red coat and a superb Chinese fur waistcoat. His wealth is also indicated by his possession of a marvellous foreign dog.

At present the furniture consists of one chair, and some "temporary" forms made by balancing three old doors

upon empty packing-cases. The room has two doors, one leading into the dispensary behind, and one into the men's room on the left. When *my* room had been adorned, H. and Brother Three attacked the men's room. It already had two " Complimentary Boards " and a pair of scrolls presented by grateful patients, and now there is a Chinese picture of the Wedding Feast, and a Chinese almanac. The room is better off for furniture, having four or five chairs, and a little table, at which Ting Weng sits and sells books and calendars and talks about the Doctrine to all who will listen.

The pictures attracted great attention, and the room was simply packed with men. I gave up the women's meeting and let the men have first chance. I am a great believer in making use of Eye Gate—I believe we can do nothing better than use pictures to help explain the Gospel, to men and women as well as little children. Over and over again I have to tell the parables, illustrated by these pictures, and they never seem to tire. To-day an old woman brought in a friend and conducted her round, repeating in her own quaint fashion the stories of the prodigal and the rich man and Lazarus. If you happen to have *any* coloured pictures of Scripture scenes that you don't want, I should be most grateful for them.

That first day Ting Weng sold calendars as fast as he could hand them out. The year is more than half gone, so the calendars were disposed of at a great reduction—for one cash each (a cash being a tenth of a farthing). They all contain Gospel texts and messages, and both Chinese and English dates, for the Chinese dates differ from ours. Then, too, they mark the Sundays in red, so that the people may know when to come to the Christians' Worship Assembly. The first day alone Ting Weng disposed of one hundred and twelve calendars !

I have no words to describe what last Wednesday meant to

us. It would have been easy to cry for joy if there had been time. After all these months of waiting and disappointment, of plodding so slowly along—to have our own rooms *ready* and people crowding in to listen. It seemed too good to be true. And now I go down with my husband at eight o'clock, and while he sits in the dispensary and sees patients, I establish myself with a book in my room. Presently the door creaks, and a pair of bright black eyes appear—

“ Se-Ni ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Shall I come in and hear you talk some Doctrine ? ”

“ Yes, you may come in ! ” The door opens wider, and one little maiden after another steals in, each with a baby tied on to her back.

“ Sing us that song again ” ; and I sing “ Jesus loves Me ” over and over until the children have courage to try to join in, and by and bye a little light seems to dawn as to Who Jesus is—and a sweet-faced little girl looks up and says—“ Jesus *loves* little children ”—as if it were a new truth just discovered.

“ Won't you bring the thing you drive the music with down here ? ”

The thing I drive the music with is of course the baby organ.

“ To-morrow, perhaps, if you are very good ! ”

Ecstatic delight ! One of the babies howls and the little girl sways her body to and fro until the baby on her back is pacified.

I tell them the story of Blind Bartimæus, and then hint that they may “ go away and come again another day.” This they do—but in a few moments the door opens again.

“ We have forgotten some of it. Sing it again.” So again and again we sing “ Jesus loves Me,” and one child takes my hand in her grimy little paws and strokes it.

“What a white hand you have!”

“Not whiter than your baby’s.” They open the tiny fist and compare the two.

“That is so. It must be the sun that scorches ours so yellow.”

“What sort of rice do you eat?” asks another eager little catechiser.

“Just the same kind as you eat!”

“Oh! but you eat cakes, don’t you?”

Loaves of bread are cakes in their eyes, so there is evidently a general idea in “our street” that foreigners subsist mainly upon cake.

“Do you make dumplings at New Year’s time, like we do?”

“No, but I have eaten them”—and so on and so on.

How glad I am that these little creatures are not frightened of me at all, and how I pray that they may none of them fall ill, lest their parents should say—“The foreigner has bewitched our children!”

We do trust that our work may go steadily forward now, and that no hindrance may come. It would be very hard, for instance, to be sent out of Nanning just as we have got so settled. There are still reports flying about that the rebels are near. Large quantities of arms have been smuggled into the two provinces—Kwong Sai and Kwong Tung—by the Revolution armies, and there has been trouble at the “Precious Temple City” about twenty miles away. The Nanning magistrate returned yesterday, after a fight in which he lost ten men. The rest came back with their faces scorched almost black by the fierce sun.

Only last week we heard of the C.I.M. station burnt down in Kiang Si. Thank God all the missionaries escaped!

Sometimes we look round and wonder what we should seize if we had to make our escape suddenly. We both felt we should secure our Bibles and diaries. My husband says he

would want to take his microscope, too, and I know I should find it very hard to be parted from my typewriter !

The French “ Brothers ” from the Roman Catholic Mission came here for medicine the other day, and seemed very much alarmed. They were surprised that we were not more perturbed. But we hear so many different reports that it is impossible to know what to believe, and one really cannot live in a state of agitation the whole time.

China is at a great crisis, and no one can tell what the outcome will be. This poor province has always been more or less in a state of turbulence, ever since the Taiping Rebellion ;—troubled on every hand by robbers and rebels, it gets no chance ! And just now things seem darker than ever.

It is a great responsibility to think that—excepting the Wesleyan and American Baptist Missions in Wuchow—ours is the only Medical Mission in the Province. That is to say—only two cities in the whole province—said to contain five million people—have medical missionaries at work. Nearly seventy cities have *no* missionary at all.

“ Pray ye therefore the Lord of the Harvest that He send forth more labourers into the harvest.”

A WEEK-NIGHT PRAYER-MEETING

IT is Wednesday evening—prayer-meeting night—and I call from the courtyard, where we are enjoying the cool air, and tell Number Three to hasten his preparations for dinner. He bustles about, the lamp is lighted, and an odour of curry floats out on the breeze !

Dinner is soon disposed of, and we make our way to the little guest-room. It looks so cosy to-night with its clean whitewashed walls, red scrolls and a bright lamp hanging from the ceiling.

The little “company of believers” gathers—not quite *all* believers yet—but I think at least “seekers after truth.” The doctor takes his seat at the table, Shuk Poh comes in with a big Testament and hymn-book—both, I am bound to confess, *very* black and grimy, but well-read.

Old Brother Three follows with his treasured spectacles, which give him an air of profound learning. Ting Weng, the bookseller, Eleven—the new coolie—and Number Three the cook. We begin with a well-known hymn, but I have to use all my strength to compel the little organ to produce a good volume of sound, for two doors away they have invited the Taoist priests to “open the Road,” and let the soul of a dead man out of hell. The cymbals are clanging, the drums are being beaten, crackers are bang-banging, but above the blare comes the sound of the organ and the seven voices earnestly singing :—

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry,
And while others Thou art blessing
Do not pass me by.

There is a stampede outside in the street—it seems as if the whole population is peeping through the cracks in the doors. This is our first evening meeting in the guest-room, and rivals even the Taoist priests' performance in interest. In the next house there is a sound of scuttling and moving of furniture. I look up in the middle of the hymn and see two bright eyes gleaming through a dark hole in the wooden partition. It is easy to guess that a table has been pushed close to the wall, and one of our neighbours has climbed up to have a "look see."

The hymn finished, the doctor reads a few verses from Mark—"I will make you fishers of men"—and explains that healing the sick, talking to the patients, selling books, teaching the children—all these are helps to catch men as we catch fish. Then he asks any, who would like, to tell their "heart's business," and old Brother Three reads a few verses on the Coming of Christ, and our joy and hope in looking for Him.

Then Shuk Poh takes her turn. Her little speeches are very quaint. She speaks of the terrible illness through which she has just passed, thanking God for His goodness. She was taken ill in Wuchow, and received the greatest kindness from all her Christian friends at the Mission Hospital.

"Why, just think!" she exclaims; "they boiled my rice, washed my clothes, brought me hot water—did everything for me! Truly the people of the *world* would not have been so good to me. It was because they were Christians."

I think in her heart she is comparing this experience with the past, when, at nineteen years of age, she had an awful attack of small-pox. She was a bride, only just married a few weeks before, and both husband and mother-in-law were kind to her in their rough way, but when they

thought her dying, she was placed on the damp earth-floor, and lay there for weeks, rheumatic fever following the small-pox.

One after another speaks, and their little "heart's-thoughts" are all very characteristic. The cook, who prides himself on his learning, goes off into a dissertation upon the Wise Men, which ends up in a rather trailing, feeble fashion. The doctor, anxious not to "quench the smoking flax," listens eagerly for a point to take hold of, for the cook looks depressed with a sense of failure.

"Yes," he says encouragingly, when the paraphrase of the fifteen verses at last comes to an end, "that is right. Perhaps now, one of those wise men from the East was a Chinaman. Who knows?"

There is a little stir of interest, and then Ting Weng, the bookroom-man, speaks a few earnest words on: "Be sober, be vigilant, for your adversary the devil goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour"; and he asks special prayer for himself that God will help him to talk to the patients and visitors.

"They have hard hearts," he says. "The people in this street, from the old men to the little children, are very wicked."

"Oh!" airily exclaims the cook, whose spirits have bounded up once more. "Patience, patience! They will come by and by." His remarks are received in chilling silence this time, for we all know that this friend's experiences in seeking to convert his heathen brethren are at present *nil*.

Meanwhile, pandemonium seems to be raging outside. Lamps are flaring, the priests are singing and clashing their cymbals, children are knocking at the door.

"Teacher, teacher, let us in. We want to see what you are doing." In fact, in the intervals between the clashing,

I feel very sure the priests themselves came round to have a peep too.

The meeting ends with prayer, and we separate. After a while, as we sit in our quiet room, through the open window comes the sound of a conversation carried on in very loud tones. It is only Number Three and Eleven making up a quarrel that started this afternoon. Their voices wax louder and louder, and we wonder how it is going to end, when suddenly some one evidently turns the tide by causing a general laugh, and, as far as we can judge from sounds, peace is proclaimed. We lock the great, clumsy doors and retire to rest. With a thankful heart and aching throat I lay my head on my pillow, for this has been my fourth meeting to-day.

NOVEMBER, 1907.

WHAT with the out-patients, the in-patient, the children's meetings, the Sunday Services and the work that goes on in the bookroom, things are really "humming."

Our excitement over our first in-patient has, of course, been intense. He was so fully prepared to trust the "Doctor," and to let him carve his foot about as much as he saw fit—it was quite refreshing to find a patient who really believed in us ! He is a boatman, and was towing a junk up this river when he slipped and fell down a steep bank, wounding his foot on a sharp piece of bamboo. He managed to pull out a long splinter, but could not extract it all, and has had a painful foot for a long time. So he came in two days ago with his little bundle of possessions. and insisted on sweeping out the diminutive "ward" himself.

H. called me from my Chinese lesson to-day to come and help. It's rather a tremendous thing to help your own husband at an operation on a Chinese patient. You are so desperately anxious that he should be successful, and you wonder a little bit what you will feel like if the poor victim kicks or shrieks when the knife goes in.

Mr. M. from the Customs appeared just as we were preparing things. He stayed and helped until everything was ready, and then said he really *must* be going *at once*, or he would be late at the Office !!

The operation went off very well, and the man was most grateful. He has two festering sores on the poor foot where native doctors have tried to cure him by burning the flesh, so these will have to heal up too.

People are gradually beginning to be a little less timid of the knife. There are two eye cases, which, I think, H. will operate on very soon—both women. One has cataract and the other entropium. Oh! the endless questions I am asked.

“Couldn’t the doctor treat my eyes, allowing me to come every morning and return home at night?”

“Did you say I must bring a friend to cook my rice?”

“But, Seni, would it do if my rice was brought to me from home in a covered dish?”

“Will you have to gouge out my eye to cut it?”

We get so many patients who are intensely anxious about their personal appearance. To-day the ugliest of ugly Chinamen came in to consult H. about a drooping eyelid.

“Can you make it right again, like the other?”

“No; there is nothing I can do for it.”

“Well, then, if you can’t cure it, I would like you to make this one droop too. It isn’t pretty to have one drooping and the other not!”

Monday. We both feel rather Mondayish to-day. Sunday is a fairly busy time. It begins about seven o’clock, when we have our “chota,” then we set to work to prepare for the “Assembling.” Up to now the Sunday Service has been held in this room. You know the house is rather bungalow-style—one large room in the middle, and two narrow ones on either side. The middle room is divided by bamboo screens into dining-room and sitting-room, so that it serves the purpose excellently. The men sit in the drawing-room and the women in the dining-room.

At 10.30 we have breakfast, and then have to scuttle about, getting out Chinese hymn-books and Testaments, and arranging the "pulpit," which is a round table with H.'s desk-arrangement (I hardly know what to call it!) on the top. This is draped with the exquisite little tablecloth which Mother gave me last Christmas. Then the baby organ is put in position, as close to the screen as possible, so that both men and women may have the benefit of the sound.

The first arrival is a man, out of work, who thinks that if he persists in coming regularly he will be taken on some day and given a job. Bruin, the Chow dog, growls ominously, and is hustled into the bathroom and locked in until the meeting is over. One by one the men appear—the women come in little crowds, press round the organ to see where the sound comes from, peep through any cracks in the screens to see who is on the other side, and have to be literally placed in their seats when the service actually begins.

The hymn-singing is beyond words, but is improving every week. Then H. preaches—telling in the very simplest language how Christ cast out demons. At the close we have a sort of after-meeting—H. with the men, I with the women. Cups of tea are handed round for refreshment, and we have to answer many questions, from what we eat to what we believe. Finally we wish them "Good Walk" a hundred times over, and with aching throats retire to have a little rest.

Sunday morning sees your humble servant in shining black Chinese silk long coat and loose trousers, earrings, embroidered slippers, and hair brushed and smoothed until it looks like a raven's wing! It is kept in place at the back of my head by one long gold (washed) hairpin, thrust through a very smooth roll of hair.

On Sunday afternoon I appear at tea in a white muslin blouse, blue skirt, and leather slippers, and my hair done loosely on the top of my head. This is my concession to the "Foreign Community," who come to tea and English Service. Nothing but unblushing "cheek" carries us through the afternoon. We invite the English-speaking men from the Customs to tea—the Commissioner, a fine military-looking German; the Assistant, who is always bubbling over with something to say; the outdoor-Assistant, an Englishman, and Mr. Shek, the Chinese clerk, who comes in a long violet silk gown, and speaks excellent English. We all gather round the dining-room table—our latest acquisition. (And, by the way, I can't tell you how much enjoyment you have missed by the fact that you have always had a dining-table to eat your meals at! When you have eaten your dinner for months at stumpy little tables, where there was never enough "elbow room," to sit down at a proper table seems the height of luxury!)

On Sunday, of course, we have a clean tea-cloth. Mother's buttercup one looked very dainty yesterday—and another feature is the cake which the cook and I concoct with great pains on Saturday morning. I generally bring a cookery book into the kitchen, prop it up in a convenient corner, and translate the recipe. The cake is baked in a thing shaped like a big bucket, with a tight-fitting lid. The bucket stands on a brazier and has red-hot charcoal on the lid, so that there is a good heat both above and below. It is always an anxious moment when the cake comes out of the oven. Is it done to a turn? Is it burnt on the top? Does it smell good?

When tea and cakes have been consumed, we aim for a break in the conversation, and conduct our guests into the other "half" of the room. We all join in the hymn,

and it gives one a thrill to sing an English hymn and to hear other voices joining in, for all the week we sing nothing but Chinese.

It is such a peaceful, quiet little hour. After much exhortation the servants have learned that they *must* cease their endless chatter during "English-Assembling-Time," as they call it, and there is nothing to disturb. Our Community friends join in the hymns as if they enjoyed them, and listen to the address with solemn, unreadable countenances—and, I *think*, appreciate it all. You cannot conceive the unutterable dreariness of their lives up here. *We* are here for Christ's sake, and He gives us very real joy to compensate for the loss of other things. But these men have *nothing*. They are here just to make a living; they are absolutely cut off from congenial friends and their ordinary amusements. The only other foreigners in the place are missionaries. It is small wonder if they sometimes get almost frantically rebellious at the dulness of life in Nanning!

The Assistant often comes in to afternoon tea and to relieve himself by groaning—"I hate this beastly hole. How can you stand it? I shall lose my reason if I don't get away soon"—and so, *ad infinitum*. And I really don't wonder. No one would exactly choose to make their home in an inland Chinese town if they could live elsewhere, unless it were because God called them there.

The Service ends up with an evening hymn—

The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the Western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

It is just sunset here, but you at home will be having Sunday breakfast—all in nice Sunday clothes, and the babies in clean pinafores. I can see you all—there is a

cosy fire in the "Copse Hill" dining-room, and a comforting smell of coffee and bacon. And E. is congratulating himself that he hasn't got to rush to catch a train. And the autumn sun is shining brilliantly outside, and the trees are red and gold—oh, for one little half hour with you all !

NOVEMBER 29, 1907.

REBEL scares are completely a thing of the past, and we have all settled down peacefully to our Winter's work, and are delighting in the cold, bracing weather. A number of the "rebels" have returned to Nanning and taken up their usual occupations. They had only managed to get up a rebellious spirit—many of them—because the leader, a rich man living in Pakhoi, had offered a salary of 9 dollars a month to any who joined the band. But the soldiers frightened them, and after doing what damage they could in some of the smaller towns, they have dispersed.

We are just on the edge of the town, and our back door leads right out into the rice fields. We have delightful walks along the little, winding paths, sometimes between pools of water sheltered by bamboos, or through the fields where they grow crops of a kind of edible lily, or out on to the plain, where I keep a keen look out for buffaloes—my pet aversion. Away to the left there lies a "city of the dead"—thousands upon thousands of graves, some only mounds, others with crumbling, grey tombstones, which might have come out of some old country churchyard in England. Beyond the graves the distant mountains are blue and purple in the sunset. To the right lies the old, old city wall—just a grass-covered mound now—which shows where Nanning stood a thousand years ago, before

they "moved" the city. One old gate still stands in the wall, and leads from the Concession to the open country.

We love our evening walks (especially when there are no buffaloes about), and the country people are getting used to us, and call out friendly greetings as they pass us with their bundles of straw and loads of rice. As we come home, the children round about come rushing to meet us, yelling "Seni," "Sinshang," at the top of their voices, while the babies on their backs make a squeaky attempt to copy their elders. The children have made strides with their singing, but it was not until they had had days and days of teaching that they could distinguish the sound of a tune on the organ. In fact, they learnt to sing "Jesus loves Me" by simply copying my voice. Then, one day, I was playing over the hymn when a bright little girl exclaimed: "Listen! The organ is singing 'Jesus!'" There was the greatest excitement; they all caught the idea, and after that I was again and again implored to "make the organ sing."

I *wondered* how long the children's work would go on without a ripple. And sure enough, the devil seemed to enter into one of the children this week. She and her followers are at daggers drawn with the other faction, and the contest was so bitter that if one party of children got in first the other would stay outside. At last one morning the little party inside told me that "Ah Ngo" said I was going to poison them all with some of my medicine. I was so thankful to be able to say—

"But you know that is not true. We do not *give* people medicine. If they want their sicknesses cured they come and buy it, don't they? I could not afford to give you all medicine!"

It was a line of argument that appealed to their infantile reasoning powers.

"Yes, yes, that is so," they said; "they were just talking wild words." All the same, at H.'s advice, I gave up the meetings for some days, until the reports had blown over. And now I am besieged by children outside my bedroom window, calling, "Seni, Seni, are you going to sing to-day?"

I think we shall start again on Monday, and I trust peace may reign once more.

The whole street was greatly excited to see a bridal chair emerging from our front door the other day, with its peacock feathers waving and tinsel ornaments dangling. It was most quaint! Mr. Lui, a Chinese Christian, who lives at the Alliance Mission, was to be married. His bride had come up from Wuchow, and was staying in another part of the compound. Now you can't be properly married in this part of the world unless you arrive at your bridegroom's door in a *red* sedan-chair. But the question was, how could she arrive when she was already living within the same wall? Mrs. Landis solved the question by asking us to take in the bride early on the wedding morning, and let her bridal procession start from this door. So after breakfast I went down to the guest-room and greeted a sweet-faced, bashful maiden, who stepped out of her sedan-chair and walked into the house with downcast eyes. She came into my room, and there a friend, Tai-So, adorned her for the wedding.

A scarlet silk skirt with embroidered panels was tied round her waist. A loose red silk coat was put over her own pretty grey silk one, which *I* thought by far the nicer of the two. Her exquisitely smooth black hair was adorned with pink ornaments, and then, as a finishing touch, a fan with silk handkerchief suspended was put into her hand, and she had to practise how to hold it before her face, so as to completely cover her features in the approved and

modest fashion. Then, to H.'s astonishment outside, the doors were suddenly flung open, and he caught a vision of a scarlet bundle being carried pick-a-back through the room, down the steps to the bridal-chair. A more undignified, ludicrous way of going to one's wedding I never saw !

By the time we reached the front an enormous crowd had gathered, through which we had to elbow our way. Then we set off—I sat in my chair and shook with laughter—I could see and not be seen. In front went the ragged old musicians, tootling their horns and flutes—ear-piercing sounds—then the bridal-chair, with its plumes and a gaudy representation of a Chinese girl on each side, in place of windows. Then Mrs. Landis in a green sedan-chair, and lastly myself, in such an ancient, ramshackle affair, that I wondered if it would really hold together until we got there.

Away we went, horns blowing, children screaming, dogs barking, round the corner, along by the pond, through the old grey, city gate, down the narrow crowded streets, until we reached the chapel.

You know, in China, the church has to be divided in two by screens—women sitting on one side, men on the other—while all can see the preacher. So the bride stood on the women's side, the bridegroom on the men's side, in front of Mr. Landis. They looked a quaint couple—he in the dress of an official hired for the occasion, she in her embroidered robes. After the service the bride disappeared to her new room—all smartly furnished—and stood in a corner, her face hidden, while she received the congratulations of her friends. Then we left her still standing as if in disgrace in the corner, while we went back to the Chapel, and each received a plate, groaning under a weight of Chinese cakes. It was lovely to see one of the poorest of the old dames tuck her feet up on a form, spread a grimy

handkerchief in front of her, put all her cakes out in grand array, and then solemnly set to work. The wedding cake came last—a real foreign cake, with icing and the character “Fuk” (Blessing) on the top. Most of the guests wanted to carry this treasure home, so sheets of newspaper were distributed, and grey-bearded old men carefully wrapped up their slices and put them in a safe place until it was time to go home. . . .

I am trying to concentrate my mind on the next thing I meant to tell you, but I can think of nothing but the excitement which has stirred the whole compound this evening.

THE TAILOR !

He came one morning and set to work. A short, fat little man, with a very unprepossessing, pork-like countenance. He was to have fivepence a day and his food—a most expensive arrangement, so the Chinese said. I was “paying far too much for him !” He was “clever in his hands,” as they say in Nanning, and slowly, very slowly, my white shaam (coat) trimmed with blue was evolved. He managed to spin out the work over several days, and every day he grumbled about the food. This thing was wrong and that—there was not enough dripping, or it was not the right kind. He wanted his food fried in peanut oil—he could not bear the taste of beef dripping—and so on and so on—until we were all weary of him.

This evening the climax came when he decamped with a large portion of my black cashmere material buttoned under his dirty little coat. I only knew it after he had gone off ; then Eleven the coolie started in pursuit, and being fleet of foot caught him up at the south gate of the city, and brought him back in triumph.

For ways that are dark
And tricks that are vain
The heathen Chinese is peculiar.

Eleven's method of securing that tailor was *thoroughly* Chinese. You must remember Eleven is still a heathen, and has not yet learned the necessity of speaking the truth at all times. When he started in pursuit there was no sign of the thief. He questioned one of the policemen who protect our street, arrayed in blue cotton uniform and foreign straw hat.

"Did you see a tailor pass this way just now?"

"That way," answered the policeman, "toward the south gate."

Eleven ran like the wind, and came up with the tailor as he entered the city.

"Stop, stop," he cried. But the tailor wouldn't stop.

"What is it?" he inquired, as he hastened his steps.

"The master wants you."

"What for?"

"I don't know, but I think he said he does not want you to come back to work to-morrow, so he will settle your account to-night." But the tailor still pursued his way, so Eleven caught him by the pigtail.

"You have taken some cloth!"

"Only a foot or two," said the injured man, for every one would acknowledge that a tailor *must* steal a *little* material.

"You've got to come back, anyhow," persisted Eleven, and led him out of the gate. Just there the path winds by the Seven Star Pool, and is comparatively lonely. The tailor thought he saw his chance.

"Look here," he said persuasively, "I will give you half the value of the cloth if you will say nothing about it."

Eleven pretended to relent.

"Perhaps so," he said; "then the best thing you can do is to slip the cloth into a pile of hay you will find inside the gate as we enter."

In a few minutes H. was amazed to hear a knocking at the door, and to find on opening it that Eleven and the thief were actually walking calmly into the house. Eleven gave him a wink. He noticed a deft little movement on the part of the tailor, so while I was sternly inquiring where my cashmere was, H. himself produced the cloth from its hiding place, and held it up before the eyes of the guilty man. The whole compound was in a tremendous state of excitement. One of the coolies ran off on his own account to fetch a policeman, and they were all very anxious to march him off to the Mandarin. But sometimes the Mandarins inflict such ghastly punishments that we could not bear the thought of it, so sent him to the Head of the Police quartered in the temple opposite, asking him to severely caution the man and let him off. But these people simply can't understand some forms of kindness. The little piggy-wiggy came back, kow-towed to us and apologized, asked to be allowed to fetch his ironing-box, etc., and then came and begged me to give him some money !

As I say, he could not understand our kindness ; he thought it was simply a sign of insanity on our part. This was too much for H. ; he took him by the collar, and said in ominously quiet tones—

“The best thing for *you* is a thrashing.” Then the little coward whimpered and whined and tried to kow-tow again, until H. marched him to the door. He had not really intended to ask the Mandarin to have him whipped, only to give him a fright. When they reached the doorway, H. said earnestly—

“Now the best thing you can do is to *run* ! ”

And the last thing H. saw was the fat little tailor scuttling down the street as fast as his short legs would carry him.

BOXING DAY, 1907.

I DIDN'T mean to take a "Bank Holiday" to-day, but it has been forced upon me by the fact that I have "come out" from head to foot in a most fearfully irritable rash—not infectious, H. says—and he comfortingly assures me that it will disappear as quickly as it came. My great hope is that it will see its way to depart at the earliest opportunity. It is "gouty dermatitis"—I have at least the consolation of a very impressive diagnosis!

So I am enjoying a little time in which to write letters. My ambition is to end the year with not one letter owing, but when I look at my letter-book, the "unanswered" column is appallingly full, and in despair I am going to turn to my typer, adding a little to each letter in my own handwriting. I know some people hate typed letters, but I take it for granted that *you* care enough for the Emmanuel Medical Mission to like to read our news even in type.

You see, we have given ourselves a name. We hated to be talked of as "That Independent Mission in Nanning," because, instead of being independent, we felt so absolutely dependent upon God, and so utterly inefficient in ourselves. "EMMANUEL—GOD WITH US," has meant a great deal to us since we decided upon our name.

We determined to have a "real good time" this Christmas, as our American friends say—as home-like a Christmas as possible. I was ambitious enough to aspire to make a real plum pudding. The cook and I stirred it in an enamel

wash-basin and boiled it in a salt-jar. Then on Christmas Eve we set to work to make the rest of our preparations. A fat goose, bought for a dollar (2s.), was hanging in the kitchen, but there were *two* meals to think of, for we had invited the Foreign Staff from the Customs and Mr. Shek to come to tiffin and stay to the Service, and our missionary friends and their little son to dinner in the evening. The question was—what to give them? I ransacked the store-room, and being rather a novice at cooking, consulted endless cookery books, leaving a trail of volumes behind me all over the house—*Mrs. Beeton* on my desk, *The Choice of Good Food* on the washstand, *Please M'm, the Butcher* in the kitchen, to say nothing of *Recipes* and *Fifty Dishes made from Cornflour*. But, oh me! the annoying way those cookery books talk of ingredients as absolutely essential, which are unprocurable out there. I got my tiffin menu made at last :—

Tinned Herring Roes on Toast.
Sausage Rolls.
Mince Pie.
Prune Mould.
Fruit and Tea.

The mincemeat was a welcome gift of the famous *Times* Correspondent, Dr. Morrison, when he came through Nanning last February. He had burdened himself with several tins, under the impression that they contained beef and mutton, and was disappointed when he discovered their real contents! So I have carefully hoarded one tin for this Christmas time.

Fruit is cheap and abundant in Nanning, and it is easy to make a table pretty with oranges, bananas and pume-loes. While I was busy with dining-room arrangements, H. nobly undertook to look after the lamps, which, unlike Shakespeare's little candle, throw their light a remarkably short distance under Brother Three's care.

The chapel, too, was H.'s responsibility, and though we had nothing to decorate it with, it looked very bright and Chinese-y. It has been our ambition to have a chapel which would not strike the Chinese as very strange and foreign. Why is it that we English are so conservative, and think because churches are built after a certain style at home, they must be built "just so" in the mission field? Because you have a spire and Gothic windows at home, you must of course have them abroad!

So we have followed our own sweet will, and made the best of what we had at hand. The walls are whitewashed and hung with red Chinese scrolls, emblazoned with texts; the pulpit and reading desk are made after H.'s own model, from the carved boards, which originally formed the idol loft of this house, and they look very quaint and pretty with their patterns of birds, bamboos and flowers in red, green and gold. The windows are fashioned after the usual Chinese pattern, and almost resemble fret-work—I hardly know how else to describe them—and for pews, we have simple forms and ordinary Chinese household chairs.

The last thing on Christmas Eve we decorated a little Christmas tree for the one foreign child in the port—Frederic Landis. A fir tree was not to be had in Nanning, so a diminutive orange tree took its place, with real tiny oranges growing on it. There were some toys coming out from England, but they did not arrive in time, so we made the best of native resources. A gay red-paper scrap-book, composed of Lux and Sunlight Soap advertisements, looked very pretty. The Chinese teacher and I made it between us, and he wrote Frederic's name in Chinese characters on the cover, and tied it with blue ribbon. Three little Chinese figures, some oranges and bananas and an English doll completed Frederic's share, while a pin-cushion fell to Mrs. Landis, a cake of scented soap to Miss Landis, and Chinese

letter seals to Mr. Landis and Mr. Iliff. On Christmas morning there were last touches to be put to everything—native candles tied on the tree and things tidied up generally—and then I set to work and typed a number of copies of the three Christmas hymns we were to have—

“Hark, the Herald Angels”;

“It came upon the Midnight Clear”;

and “Come, all Ye Faithful.”

After breakfast the little company of Christian Chinese assembled in the chapel, little “Belief” carried in by his father, clasping a pair of new purple slippers, which he held aloft for all to admire.

I gave him a lovely doll, and his small round face *beamed*. Poor little Belief! I am afraid he is gradually growing blind, with a disease of the eyes for which there is no cure. But at least he is having a happy childhood now—with no knowledge of what the future may bring. Sometimes he rubs his eyes, and wonders why he cannot rub the dimness out, but that is all.

We sang “Thou didst leave Thy Throne,” and Mr. Iliff, the C.M.S. missionary who is staying with us for some days, spoke from Matthew i. :—

“Thou shalt call His Name Emmanuel.”

The little meeting over, the whole household set to work. In the servants’ quarters piles of vegetables were being prepared, and a duck and a chicken were boiling together in the big pan. Later on we were summoned to the guest-rooms to see the feast. It looked and smelt very good, and it was jolly to see the delighted looks on the faces of servants and guests, for we had given them each a sum of money, and suggested that each one might invite one friend. They all stood up to thank us, and when we had beamed on them long enough, we left them to their own devices, and soon

chopsticks were flashing to and fro, and bowls of rice disappearing at a marvellous rate.

In our own dining-room we were all in readiness by one o'clock, and I think you would have said the room looked cosy. Mr. Iliff had valiantly set to work, and erected a stove pipe made out of kerosene tins, a wood fire was burning, chains of coloured paper festooned the room, from which our Chinese lantern was suspended, and tiffin was all ready.

Our guests were very punctual—the foreigners in correct black, and Mr. Shek, who has the best of it on these occasions in the matter of beautiful attire, in a rich blue silk gown. I think they all enjoyed their little meal. Then the Landises arrived, and we all assembled in the chapel, and felt very Christmas-like as we sang the old familiar words. The worst of it is that these hymns are mixed up with so many home memories, it is difficult not to feel rather “chokey” when you sing them in a strange land.

Dinner was a grand success. The pudding came in blazing (with rectified spirit from the Dispensary), and little Frederic was filled with wonder when a screen was withdrawn and the Christmas tree appeared all lighted up in the middle of the room. When the presents had been dispensed, and Frederic was happily hugging his toys, we elders had some good hymn singing, and ended the day with prayer all round.

Throughout the day at intervals we reckoned up the hours, and tried to picture what our “Very Dears” were doing in England, India and Ceylon. Christmas Day is a time when you can almost *see* what is happening at home, because you have very much the same programme every year. . . .

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11.

I HAD to give up writing. The “gouty dermatitis” made me frantic. I felt like dancing round the room ; it was so frightfully irritable, and I looked the colour of a lobster. But it did just as H. prophesied, and disappeared in a day or two, leaving not a trace behind it, and I am as well as ever now.

JANUARY 18, 1908.

WE both agreed, in talking things over at tea time to-day, that we have come to the end of "VOLUME ONE."

Up to now, our life in Kwang Si Province has been all "Beginnings." First, came our six months in Kuei Lin, where we worked hard at the Mandarin dialect. Then we came to Nanning, where it seemed that all the Mandarin study would be wasted. Later on we were able to purchase this house, and behold! we had no sooner settled down, than we found ourselves in the very midst of a Mandarin settlement! They speak a curious dialect, which it would have been most difficult to understand had we not had that six months in Kuei Lin.

This day, two years ago, we were just emerging from the "West" into the "East," creeping, creeping along the Suez Canal. I have never had a more wonderful and eventful two years. I look back and think of our landing in Hong Kong, and the warm welcome we received there—of that never-to-be-forgotten journey up the Cassia River, the blue mountains, the peach blossom, the endless rapids, the arrival in Kuei Lin—the joys and disappointments of that six months. Then the starting of the work in this big city. What a struggle it was at first. It seemed as if we were never to have a corner to call "Home"!

And now? Here I am sitting in this cosy room, the wood fire crackling and the lamp burning brightly, while over

there are our boxes all packed and ready for a twenty-eight days' holiday, which is to begin to-morrow. And over there in the courtyard stands the quaint little chapel with its Chinese decorations, while the door to the right of me leads to a tiny garden, where the broad banana leaves hang heavily, weighed down by the rain, which has been falling all day. Through another door and across a small courtyard to the Dispensary—you would smile at its rough, barn-like appearance, and its shelves made of boards balanced on boxes—but we believe and hope it is very temporary, for this room has terrible drawbacks. Anti-septic treatment is almost out of the question, in a place where dust and lime are continually falling in a fine powder from the unboarded tiles above. Our dream is to pull down the whole row of tumbledown cottages, and build a CLEAN, healthy place on the ground, with an “upstairs” which would have the benefit of the cool breeze blowing straight in from the river. But meanwhile we rejoice that there *is* a dispensary, and there *is* a guest-room, and there *is* a children's room, where every morning I have a merry little crowd, eager to sing hymns and learn their little Gospel rhymes—a wild, undisciplined little crew—and DIRTY! But it was very sweet to me this morning to have them crowd round me and clasp my hand and dress, crying: “Don't go away, don't go away! We don't want you to go away. We won't *let* you go! When will you come back?”

“I expect—in a month.”

“A month! No, no, come back in five days. Tell Dr. Clift not to go!”

I simply could not get away, though my packing was waiting. The little monkeys got hold of me, and I was helpless, until I said something which diverted their attention for a minute, and then turned and fled. They were after

me in a moment, but I shut the garden door, myself on one side and the children on the other !

Some of them came to see us off, and as we rowed away in a native boat to the steam launch, I heard their shrill little voices calling to us from the top of the "bund," high above the water, where they stood—their quaint little figures outlined against the sky. The last words we heard as we sailed away were Shuk Poh entreating, "Come back *soon*, come back *soon*."

It is good to know, as we go steaming down the river, that there are already *some* who will welcome us home when we return to Nanning.



